SPIRIT OF THE TIMES AND LIFE IN NEW YORK

DEVOTED TO THE SPORTS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE, THE ANGLER, THE HUNTER—NEWS, LITERATURE, FASHION, TASTE, THE DRAMA, AND THE SCENES OF REAL LIFE.

BY WILLIAM T. PORTER & CO.
35 WALL-ST., ADJOINING THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE.

SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 1, 1832.

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NEW-YORK:
SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 1, 1832.

THE COURIER AND ENQUIRER.

It is the prerogative of the *feline* species to come upon their feet, drop them how you will. Thus it seems with our cotemporary. Masonic or anti-masonic—bank or ant i-bank—tariff or anti-tariff,—Jackson or anti-Jackson, his subscription list progresses and multiplies. We have some thoughts of making a dip into politics ourselves,—then turn a killing summerset, and see if *our* list will hasten its elongation. But we can't exactly make up our minds which way to make the plunge. If we go for the General, the loaves and fishes are eaten up "pretty considerably,"—if we hoist the Clay flag, we fear he will never have any loaves to give. We would huzza for the Bank, but the Bank is a "gone sucker," —we would weep and howl for Morgan, but the "Antics" have used him up,—should we throw our cap for the tariff, not a manufacturer would give us a coat—and should we go against it, we couldn't pay for one. There is "no hope for the widow's son," turn which way we will,—so we shall e'en pursue the flowery path of sports and pastimes, and let politics and politicians cut their own throats till they are "tetotaciously exfluncated."

HINTS TO SPORTSMEN.

The writer of the following hints, (Baltimore) having copied an article on Deer Hunting from us, without credit, "in such cases made and provided," we have taken this as a *set-off*, and "by these presents, do hereby give our receipt for the same, as in duty bound:—and further deponent saith not,"—(except that he's got the best of the bargain.)

As many of our friends will doubtless be for taking leg-bail for the country, and as gunning appears to be a favorite recreation during a sylvan sojourn, we give the following hints for the benefit of those who may be concerned.

If there are *three* of you, take a gig, as it cuts a dash and saves shoe-leather.

Be sure you let the muzzles of your guns project a quarter of a yard each out of the gig, to show all the people on the road that you are *sportsmen*, and know a thing or two.

On no account shoot game until you have got beyond the outskirts of the city, for the game may be diseased.

Take care you do not shoot a cow or a hog instead of the sparrow you aim at.

If a tom-tit should stand in your way, do not shoot it, for powder and shot cost money, but knock its brains out with the butt of your gun.

The guns of least repute among *common* sportsmen are the best, *those that scatter their shot the widest*, as their is more chance of hitting the object; for, if one won't, another will.

Carry plenty of *salt* with you, for such game as *Muscovy ducks* can be caught by sprinkling it upon their tails.

Take aim with both eyes shut—for the birds thinking you cannot see them, will not take the trouble to fly away.

In the choice of dogs be very particular. The bull-dog and common cur are the best, the one for defending you against intruders, and the other for keeping away from the shot.

Pay no regard to orchards and gardens; fruit and vegetables are worth nothing now, and a sparrow is not to be sneezed at these Cholera times.

Good ducking may be had near any of the farm houses. If a farmer should attempt to expostulate with you, give him a little of the *science*.

PROCKLAYMASHUM.

Newly adapted—revised and corrected.

Whair as, moar over, nevertheless, the selybrated Fire King is duin awl most impossibull feets in swalerin hot stufs, eatin red hot snobawls, tu the stonishment ov owl hoo seas him. This is to let foax no eye kan beet him, un if every body wil cum whair I B, Ile swaller the follerin artykles, bout as quick oz Davy Crockett cood eat a red hot jonny kake. Fore hogsits bilin hot sope, red hot kro-bars by the acur, red hot potash by the tun, seven steme-botes, passengers and awl—4ty bob sleds, wun spinnin jinny, 60 red hot Printur's devils, 90 live skunks, wun rale rode, half dozen whayl ships, wun iron foundry, tew hogsits nu sider, 4 doses jallap, tew nale factrees, 20 krabapple trees, 6 bushels bul frogs, 11 miles of the rocky mountains, 6 weaks the hottest weather in Jeuly, 6 barrels of gun powder, 43 live sturgins, 6 mad dogs, wun sea sarpint, 2 dog churns, 5 saw mills, 20 bair traps, (all set,) 6 raw klams, 5 pacin hawses to settle my stomack. If ony bode kan beet that, I gess they'll skunk them air Yankees down east, und tha bete awl natur.

JOE STRICKLAND, Jr.

We hope the following notice will never meet the eye of the refined Madame Trollope. She would never recover the shock. An apoplectic fit or a touch of the cholera would inevitably ensue. What! ladies *chew!* don't mention it.

Mastic.—The practice of chewing mastic is common among all classes of Levant ladies, from the Turkish *Ladean* to the Frank *Madame*; and I cannot say (to the eye) it is an elegant one. I used to be surprised at first, on entering a room, to see a half a dozen fair ones chewing and twisting the tasteless gum as some of our sailors do their tobacco; and when I saw, as I often did, a lady take the mastic from her mouth to pop it into that of a friend who was unprovided, I thought the practice positively a nasty one.—*Notes to Armenians.*

Mr. Audubon.—This celebrated naturalist, in a letter to the editor of the Philadelphia Gazette, speaks of his success in Boston as having been ample. During his short stay there he procured *eight* additional subscriptions to his great work, "The Birds of America." These eight subscriptions amount to *sixty-four hundred dollars.*

THE TAPIR.

There is at present exhibiting at the N. York Museum an amphibious animal of this name about the size of a young heifer, and in appearance partaking of three species of animals, the elephant, the hog, and the jackass, (he must be a beauty!) This great natural curiosity arrived here on Sunday week from Buenos Ayres, on board the brig Charles, Capt. Devereaux, of Boston. "He was taken on one of the large rivers about 1600 miles north-west of the city of Buenos Ayres, by some of the inhabitants of the country. Having been seen to leave the river, and go upon land some distance, twenty men on horseback divided themselves into four parties, to intercept him on his return. One party fell in with, and succeeded in capturing him with the "lasso," [a noose of hide] with which those countrymen are very expert. The animal is remarkably swift and powerful, but quite docile. A letter from a gentleman many years a resident in Buenos Ayres and Brazil, represents this animal as a very curious and rare, an inhabitant of the interior of South America. The owner, who attends the animal for exhibition, is a man of large landed property but at present unacquainted with the English language." It was intended by the merchants to whom he was consigned in Boston to have first exhibited him in that city, but great curiosity to see him prevailing here, he has been sent to the Museum for a short time; where we learn he daily holds crowded *levees.*

The animal is well worth the inspection of naturalists, and all admirers of the strange and anomalous productions of foreign climes.

ITEMS.

A New City.—We understand, says the Boston Gazette, that the Hon. Daniel Webster, Stephen White, and Gen. Wm. H. Sumner have purchased the Island in our harbor called Williams' Island, for $70,000, for the purpose of erecting dwelling houses thereon, and building up a little city for summer residences. The streets have been already laid out, and the buildings will be commenced forthwith.

Anecdote of a Paddy.—An Irishman, according to the Constellation, standing on the tongue of a wagon, was run away with by a pair of horses, and had his legs very much bruised by the violent motion of the swingletrees. Some person, to whom he was relating the accident, asked him, "Why didn't you jump off, Patrick?" "Faith, sir," returned Pat, "and it was as much as I could do to stay on."

Economy! *according to the Boston Morning Post.*—Shave once a week; let your beard eat through half a dozen dickies and cravats: darn the expense! it will save soap and steel—50 cents worth of razors and four pence worth of soap will last a year; and your beard will not eat more than twenty-five dollars worth of dickies and cravats—cheap board for the beard; only 50 cents per week. Spare your soap! darn the dickies!

"Out of the Frying Pan," &c.—The last Salem Gazette, says, the strict measures adopted towards the drunkards in Boston, have induced many of them, we are informed, to seek a refuge in Salem. But they find this, according to the Spanish proverb, "fleeing from the rain to sit under the water spout." They are whisked off to the county house "before they can say Jack Robinson." Our police officers have done a great business lately in that line.

Toasts.—At the celebration of the opening of the Winnisimit Ferry, between Chelsea and Boston, Franklin Dexter, Esq. gave as a toast:

"The Mayor of Boston; who in the faithful discharge of the duties of his office, has verified all the prophecies of his friends."

To this the Mayor (Mr. Wells) made the following reply:

"The elder Franklin, who drew lightning from the clouds by borrowed power—and the modern *Franklin*, who has exhausted *Wells* by his own power."

Fish Story.—The sea serpent has been seen off Nahant, by a fishing boat. He moved spirally like the land serpents, and raised his head, (about the size of a barrel) apparently four feet six inches above water, at an angle of 70 degrees. In going through the water he made a wake equal in length to a vessel of 300 tons in rapid progress!

An Astray.—Said Mr. S. to Mr. B. the other morning, "I bought a shad and hung it up in a stall in the market house, thinking to send for it after breakfast; but some body else came in the mean time and took it off. "That" said Mr. B. "was a very *off fish-ous* interference in your affairs my friend."

The Contrast.—The little Franklin Daily says, "from the aspect of our *streets* a stranger might infer that the *ladies* had mostly left the city; from a peep into our *churches*, that the *gentlemen* had.

Bottom Upwards.—On the National Republican Ticket for Councillors in Vermont, Nathan N. *Bottom* is at the *top* of the list.

Rattlesnakes.—The Salem Register says that the present season has been remarkable for the abundance of rattlesnakes which have been found in the pastures and fields in the vicinity of that town. A gentleman of Manchester lately found under a stone a glutinous bag which contained *eighty-six* young rattlesnakes, from one to six inches in length, in perfect life and animation.

Short Commons.—The Northampton Courier says that those who would avoid pains and slavery should not eat more than four dozen of cucumbers daily, or two pecks of green apples or other unripe fruit every few hours.

Patriotic.—Stephen Ayres, "the unknown doctor," who effected so many cures in Montreal, and also among the Caughnawaga Indians, was lately brought into Montreal, in a sort of "triumphant entry" by the Indians. A large procession was formed, with flags, &c. The doctor himself bore an American flag.

Luck.—Three lads fishing for perch at Philadelphia, in a small batteaux, were suddenly amazed by a violent motion of their boat, and before they had time to divine the cause, a "mammoth sturgeon tumbled into the lap of one of them," and was secured.

The Editor of the New-Bedford Gazette says, "it is time for those editors who have had the benefit of their cotemporaries' exertion, to draw upon their own resources." We heartily "second the motion;" and, as the rage for items seems to be on the decline, we are happy to find that the Editor of the Gazette is acting on the principle he has advanced, and has given to the fraternity a few that are both racy and pithy. We have several in our mind's eye who *should* follow this truly laudable example, which we commend to their attention.

We have borrowed from the Gazette the following dozen or so, which we shall return the first *fair day.*

A vessel was recently spoken at anchor at the mouth of the Mississippi, waiting for a *fair tide* to proceed up to New-Orleans! [After they have reached that city by the help of the tide, we would recommend them to cast anchor below the falls of Niagara.]

A Warranted Article.—A person informed a hatter of whom he had purchased a water-proof satin beaver, that it had got injured by the rain. "You should not have worn it in the wet," was the cool reply.

Poetical.—Persons who have visited one of our cities cannot fail to remember the following sign:

"Heer pize and Kake and Bier i sell,
Good Oyesturz stood and in th' shel,
And frigh'd uns few for theur that chews,
And with Dispach Black butes and shews."

A druggist in New-York advertises "Gum Plaster" as a preventive of the cholera. It may do for that city, but he will be unable, we think, to *stick it on* to the folks further east.

"Surely," exclaimed a native of the Emerald Isle, to a person bothering him with inquiries, "I wish you would be after asking me something besides questions. [Paddy was not so much of a blunderer as he might be taken for—he probably wished to be asked to take a drop of "something to take."]

Infringement of Patent Rights.—Since other folks than those of Cape Ann have got a sight of the great sea-serpent, the Gloucester Telegraph, printed at the place which has the honor of the first discovery of his snakeship, disclaims all belief in his existence.

The captain of a fishing-smack informs us that on Friday morning the whole of Boston harbor, from the light-house to the castle, was covered with pill-boxes. It is conjectured that one of the the Hingham "*stationed packets*" must have been cast away the night previous.

The Boston people and newspapers are making a terrible rumpus, because two steam-boats have lately arrived there, and commenced running to Chelsea. We dare say one of the New-York boats would gobble them both up for breakfast, and wag her rudder for more.

Mr. Editor—A southern editor advertises for a wet nurse to take care of a package of children left at his office; and I notify the person who left a large basket of eggs in my store, to take them away before they hatch, or bring a suitable number of hens to take care of thirty dozen of chickens, which I fancy already begin to peep.

Jo Smashem.

Some workmen, while digging in Cincinnati, found a tooth of the great American Elephant, weighing between four and five pounds, fifteen feet below the surface.

It is said that Nichols, one of the best gunners in the American navy, is son to a barber who formerly resided at Gay Head. His skill as a marksman is surprising. When about four years of age, he was awoke one night by a rat, who was leisurely gnawing his great toe, with as much *gusto* as though it had been a piece of real old Dutch cheese. Young Nichols cautiously took a loaded pistol from under his pillow—for even at that early age the bent of his genius had become fully developed—and fired at the rat, without rising from his recumbent posture. The pistol contained two buck shot only—but so true was the aim of the youngster that they both took effect, each one entering an eye of the rat, who fell dead on the spot without a struggle!

Equitable Arbitration.—In the days of primeval innocence and simplicity, among the Germans in the beautiful Mohawk, the laws were administered by Chris John Staring, the first Justice of the Peace after the revolution, in the town of German Flats. This gentleman was the worthy magistrate who signed the far famed "Yankee pass." One of the first suits brought before Justice Staring was that of Stuffle Bellingen vs. Jacobus Diefendorff. It was an action for a trespass—the charge being that a pig, belonging to the said Jacobus, had been rudely thrusting his nose among the garden stuffs of said Stuffle. The fact was clearly proved and after due deliberation the magistrate gave his decision as follows: Mein shudgment ish dat 'Kobus Deiffendorff shall gif his pig to Stuffle to pay for the bunkins vot he spoilt, and Stuffle shall gif me the pig for mein shudgment, and the plaguy constable shall pay the costs.—*Com. Adv.*

Wants Extra.—Wanted at this office, with all convenient dispatch, a few Advertisements, which we have been *promised* for some months

Also, a few well written poetic or prose Communications on interesting subjects, provided they are well seasoned with epigrammatic spices and Attic salt. We feel a repugnance to impose on our readers the *dullness* of others, having a large stock of our own on hand.

Also, two or three hundred good Subscribers.

Money, it is well known, we are *always* in want of—therefore we decline any allusion to it.

Exeter News-Letter.

Tale of a Tub.—Mr. Thomas Tubb, a citizen of Baltimore, had his *queue* cut off by some graceless rascal, in the public street.

A Windy Day.—A. Day advertises that he has a large quantity of bellows for sale.

Gentle Waterfall.—George Water is said to have fallen from a second story window, but received no material injury.

Shingles Wanted.—Mr. Abraham Shingles advertises for a wife in the N. H. papers.

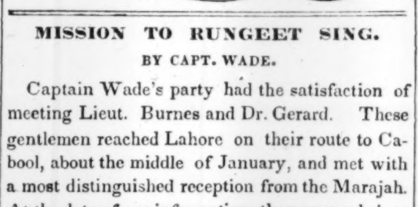
Cholera Morbus.—A fellow was yesterday exhibiting himself in the neighborhood of Oldhall-street, in a dirty *red* shirt, and a fancifully arranged straw hat, exclaiming as he went along, "I'm the Cholera Morbus, I'm the Cholera Morbus."—A sailor, who happened to be passing, said, "You the Cholera Morbus? you be d——d: the Cholera Morbus is as blue as indigo, but you're as red as logwood."

George Selwyn was ambassador at one of the minor German Courts, and, having given some offence to the Prince, was ordered to quit in "twenty-four hours."—"Tell your master," was his reply, "I shall look back on his dominions in half an hour."

Modern Cinderella.—Thevenard was the first singer of his time, at Paris, in the operas of Lulli. He was more than 60 years old, when, seeing a beautiful *female slipper* in a shoemaker's shop, he fell violently in love, unsight, unseen, with the person for whom it was made; and having discovered the lady, married her. He died at Paris in 1741, at the age of 72.

An Unwelcome Visiter.—A lady informed the editor of the Barnstable Patriot a few days since, she had recently found in her chamber a living adder about *three feet long.* It was captured after a short chase.

Rayism.—The patriotic X-Governor Ray, of Indiana, says, that "Nullifiers might as well attempt to eat dried apples with a curry comb as to deface "E Pluribus Unum!"



MISSION TO RUNGEET SING.

BY CAPT. WADE.

Captain Wade's party had the satisfaction of meeting Lieut. Burnes and Dr. Gerard. These gentlemen reached Lahore on their route to Cabool, about the middle of January, and met with a most distinguished reception from the Marajah. At the date of our information, they proceeded on a hunting excursion along with his Highness, of which the following account has been politely sent us by an eye-witness:—

From the Calcutta Government Gazette.

"On the 28th we accompanied our Royal entertainer to the field. He wore a dress of green shawls lined with fur, his dagger was studded with the richest brilliants, and a metal shield, the gift of Shah Shooja-ool-Moolk, completed the outfit. He was mounted on one of his favorite horses, which was covered with a saddle cloth of the richest embroidery, ornamented in its border by almost every beast and bird that the sportsman considers his own. His elephants followed him, and a pack of dogs of motley breed, natives of Sinde, Bochara, Iran, and his own dominions, led the van—his falconers, with their birds supported on their fists, fluttered at his side, and shook their tinkling bells that are suspended at their feet. A company of infantry in extended order with two or three hundred horsemen swept the ground, and we followed the foresters, with their rude halberds, who soon disturbed the bristly boar from his lair. The swords of the Sheiks glittered in the sun, and in the course of half an hour eight hogs had bitten the dust, and as many more were entrapped alive by snares. The sport might not be duly appreciated by an Englishman, for the animals had but a small chance of escape, yet I am sure the excitement was equally great. Most of the hogs were slain by the riders at the full speed of their horses, though a few were first wounded by the matchlock. The field was covered with high grass, in the open patches of which we could see with great advantage the crowd, which had a brilliant appearance from the bright yellow, green, and red silk dresses of the courtiers. Runjeet himself viewed each hog as it fell, and keenly turned to the scenes of passing slaughter. In an hour and a half the cavalcade had returned to the encampment, where we alighted, and saw each of the successful sportsmen rewarded by the Maharajah. The live pigs were then brought, and, being tied by one leg to a stake, baited by dogs. The sport is a cruel one, and the hog had his courage renewed by having water dashed on him. To conclude the day's amusement, all the live hogs were set at large, and "winged their flight" through the crowded encampment, to the no small amusement of the court and the assembled multitude. Before we took our leave, the Maharajah spoke with considerable animation of his exploits beyond the Indus. It was quite delightful to hear the veteran warrior describing his charges, his battles, and his success, and it was with regret that I found the interview terminated."

Rare Sport.—A party of forty gentleman in Belchertown, Mass. held a hunt recently, for squirrels, rabbits, woodpeckers and owls. The party was divided into two sets of twenty each. After the day's hunt the game was counted, and the result of the sport announced. One side counted, 433 and expected to win, but it was soon announced that the other side counted precisely the same number; of course the supper, &c. which seems to have been the prize contended for, was paid for mutually.

From the American Sporting Magazine.

SHOOTING.

Proportions of Powder and Shot.—The quantity of powder and shot which constitutes the correct load or charge for the fowling-piece, is a circumstance which ought to be duly impressed on the mind of every shooter, and to which, I am inclined to think, not sufficient attention is generally paid. On trial, it will be found that all guns shoot the strongest the first discharge, or, in other words, when they are perfectly clean, and that the force decreases in exact proportion as the piece becomes foul; hence the necessity of occasionally wiping out the barrel during a long day's shooting. There is also a certain proportion of powder and shot which will exactly suit every fowling piece; and to ascertain this should be the first object with all new guns. If a piece be overloaded with powder, the shot will scatter very much, and but few pellets will strike the object; whereas, if an insufficient quantity of powder be used, the shot will not be driven with sufficient force. Yet it is more than probable, that a trifling variation will be found in all guns; or to speak more plainly, it will be a difficult matter to find two pieces, though of the same length and calibre, which require precisely the same charge. A very good method of ascertaining the proper load for a fowling-piece is by firing at sheets of paper at given distances, and the progressive result will guide the shooter in the increase or decrease of either the powder or shot, or both.

On investigation, it will probably be found, that the general error in loading the fowling-piece is using too much powder, which not only very much scatters the shot, but renders the recoil almost insupportable,—it is quite a mistaken notion to suppose that a distant object will be better reached with a large load of powder, or that the force of the shot is thus increased; as it will be found on experiment, that those pellets which strike the mark are not so strongly driven as when a reduced, but a correct portion of powder is used, to say nothing of the scattering of the shot, by which a small object will generally be missed. Hence it is highly necessary that the correct charge should be ascertained, and uniformly.

"Shooting Match and Gander Pulling.—There will be a shooting Match and Gander Pulling at the house of Travis George, on Thursday next, the 26th inst."

On reading the above in a Mobile paper—what the d—l is a gander pulling thought we? The difficulty was soon nullified by the following explanation of a bystander. It means that an old gander is tied on the top of a post with his head slushed until it is made as slippery as an eel. Those who compete for the prize, ride by at full speed, making *en passant* a grab at the said, whereupon said gander, if he has the sense of a goose, dodges, like some politicians, at the calling of the yeas and nays. It is well calculated to exhibit the dexterity and agility of the equestrian. He must be careful in stooping to 'clutch' the gander's head, that he 'sees before' him, not to stoop past recovery, as some men do from the line of principle, in search of office. Should he seize the goose's knowledge box, has he strength of gripe to hold on, or of arm to tear off the poor goose's

"—— dome of thought, the palace of the soul,"

Or will he let go? At all events this is gander pulling, of which it may at least be affirmed, that though it may be fun for Mr. Travis George, by George it can be no fun for the gander! Wonder if Mrs Trollope was present at one of Mr. George's gander pullings!

Buffalo Hunting at the Cape.—The following incident in Buffalo hunting, which may serve as a specimen of this rough pastime, was related to me by a Dutch African farmer, who had been an eye-witness of the scene some fifteen years before. A party of Boors had gone out to hunt a troop of buffaloes, which were grazing in a piece of marshy ground, interspersed with groves of yellow wood and mimosa trees, on the very spot where the village of Somerset is now built. As they could not conveniently get within a shot of the game, without crossing part of the vale or marsh, which did not afford a safe passage for horses, they agreed to leave their steeds in charge of their Hottentot servants and to advance on foot, thinking that if any of the Buffaloes should turn upon them, it would be easy to escape by retreating across the quagmire, which, though passable for man, would not support the weight of a heavy quadruped. They advanced accordingly, and under cover of the bushes, approached the game with such advantage that the first volley brought down three of the fattest of the herd, and so severely wounded the great bull leader that he dropped on his knees, bellowing with pain. Thinking him mortally wounded, the foremost of the huntsmen issued from the covert, and began reloading his musket as he advanced to give him a finishing shot. But no sooner did the infuriated animal see his foe in front of him, than he sprang up and rushed headlong upon him. The man, throwing down his empty gun, fled towards the quagmire; but the savage beast was so close upon him that he despaired of escaping in that direction, and turning suddenly round a clump of copsewood, began to climb an old mimosa tree which stood at the one side of it. The raging beast, however, was too quick for him. Bounding forward with a roar, which my informant (who was of the party) described as being one of the most frightful sounds he ever heard, he caught the unfortunate man with his horns, just as he had nearly escaped his reach, and tossed him in the air with such force that the body fell, dreadfully mangled, into a lofty cleft of the tree. The buffalo ran round the tree once or twice apparently looking for the man, until weakened with loss of blood he again sank on his knees. The rest of the party then, recovering from their confusion, came up and despatched him, though too late to save their comrade, whose body was hanging in the tree quite dead.—*Eng. Penny Mag.*

Seal Hunt.—A seal has for several seasons past destroyed a great number of salmon in a small fishery in Inverkeithing Bay. It was quite familiar with every creek, corner, and passage in the nets, and when the strong meshes obstructed its course, it cut its way through them with its teeth. Many shots were fired at it to no purpose to entangle it. A small stage was at last erected above the water, at the place where the salmon are secured. Here, on the 5th instant, the fisherman placed himself in ambush, with a musket loaded with swan-shot, and awaited the approach of his wily plunderer. On coming within two hundred yards of the nets, the seal dived and commenced his work of destruction. Obliged, however, to ascend to breathe a little, and rising with the back of its head towards the ambuscade, the fisherman poured his swan-shot through its skull at 15 yards distance, and is tanning its hide for a pair of shagged breeches, which he intends to wear in triumph of the victory he has obtained.—*Caledonian Mercury.*

From Capt. Hall's Voyages and Travels.

TAKING A SHARK.

Capt. Basil Hall's latest work contains some very clever anecdotes and sketches of adventures which fell under his observation while engaged in the British navy in the Indian ocean. We insert his account of the capture of a shark, in which the Captain will be found more happy than in his speculations on the character and prospects of the United States.

"The lunarian, busy taking distances, crams his sextant hastily into his case; the computer working out his longitude, shoves his books on one side; the marine officer abandons his eternal flute; the doctor starts from his nap; the purser resigns the Complete Book; and every man and boy, however engaged, rushed on deck to see the villain die. Even the monkey, if there be one on board, takes a vehement interest in the whole progress of this wild scene. I remember once seeing Jacko running backwards and forwards along the afterpart of the poop hammock-netting, grinning, screaming, and chattering at such a rate, that, as it was nearly calm, he was heard all over the decks. 'What's the matter with you Master Mona?' said the quarter-master; for the animal came from Teneriffe, and preserved his Spanish cognomen. Jacko replied not, but merely stretching his head over the railing, stared with his eyes almost bursting from his head, and by the intensity of his grin bared his teeth and gums nearly from ear to ear. 'Messenger! run to the cook for a long piece of pork,' cries the the captain, taking command with as much glee as if it had been an enemy's cruizer he was about to engage. 'Where's your hook, quarter master!' 'Here, sir, here;' cries the fellow feeling the point, and declaring it as sharp as any lady's needle, and in the next instant piercing with it a huge junk of rusty pork, weighing 4 or 5 pounds; far nothing, scarcely, is too large or too high in flavor for the stomach of a shark. The hook, which is as thick as one's little finger, has a curvature about as large as that of a man's hand when half closed and is from six to eight inches in length, with a formidable barb. This fierce looking grappling-iron is furnished with three or four feet of chain, a precaution which is absolutely necessary; for a voracious shark will sometimes gobble the bait so deep into his stomach, that but for the chain he would snap through the rope by which the hook is held, as easily as if he were nipping the head off an asparagus.

A shark, like a midshipman, is generally very hungry; but in the rare cases when he is not in good appetite, he sails slowly up to the bait, smells to it, and gives it a poke with his shovel-nose, turning it over. He then edges off to the right or left, as if he apprehended mischief, but soon returns agian, to enjoy the delicious *haut gout*, as the sailors term the flavor of the damaged pork, of which a piece is always selected, if it can be found.

While this coquetry, or shyness, is exhibited by John Shark, the whole afterpart of the ship is so clustered with heads, that not an inch of spare room is to be had for love or money. The rigging, the mizzen-top, and even the gaff, out to the very peak; the hammock-nettings and the quarters, almost down to the counter, are stuck over with breathless spectators, speaking in whispers, if they venture to speak at all, or can find leisure for any thing but fixing their gaze on the monster, who as yet is free to roam the ocean, but who they trust, will soon be in their power. I have seen this go on for an hour together; after which, the shark has made up his mind to have nothing to say to us, and either swerved away to the windward, if there be any breeze at all, or dived so deep that his place could be detected only by a faint touch or flash of white many fathoms down. The loss of a Spanish galleon, in chase, I am persuaded, could hardly cause more bitter regret, or call forth more intemperate expressions of anger and impatience. On the other hand, I suppose the first symptom of an enemy's flag coming down in the light was never hailed with greater joy than is felt by a ship's crew on the shark's turning round to seize the bait. A greedy whisper of delight passes from mouth to mouth; every eye is lighted up, and such as have not bronzed their cheeks by too long exposure to sun and wind, may be seen to alter their hue from pale to red, and back to pale again, like the tints of a dying dolphin.

When a bait is towed astern of a ship that has any motion through the water at all, it is necessarily brought to the surface, or nearly so. This of course obliges the shark to bite at it from below; and as his mouth is placed under his chin, not over it, like that of a christian, he must turn nearly on his back before he can seize the floating piece of meat in which the hook is concealed. Even if he does not turn completely round, he is forced to slue himself, as it is called, so far as to show some portion of his white belly. The instant the white skin flashes on the sight of the expectant crew, a subdued cry, or murmur of satisfaction, is heard amongst the crowd; but no one speaks, for fear of alarming the shark.

Sometimes at the very instant the bait is cast over the stern, the shark flies at it with such eagerness, that he actually springs partially out of the water. This, however, is rare. On these occasions he gorges the bait, the hook, and a foot or two of the chain, without any mastication or delay, and darts off with his treacherous prize with such prodigious velocity and force, that it makes the rope crack again, as soon as the whole coil is drawn out. In general however, he goes more liesurely to work, and seems rather to suck in the bait than to bite at it. Much dexterity is required in the hand which holds the line at this moment; for a bungler is apt to be too precipitate, and to jerk away the shark's maw. Our greedy friend, indeed, is never disposed to relinquish what may once have passed his formidable batteries of teeth; but the hook, by a premature tug of the line, may fix itself in a part of the jaw so weak, that it gives way in the violent struggle which always follows. The secret of the sport is, to let the voracious monster gulp down the huge mess of pork, and then to give the rope a violent pull, by which the barbed point, quitting the edge of the bait buries itself in the coats of the victim's throat or stomach. As the shark is not a personage to submit patiently to such treatment, it will not be well for any one whose foot happens to be accidentally on the coil of the rope, for when the hook is first fixed, it spins out like the log-line of a ship going twelve knots.

The suddenness of the jerk with which the poor devil is brought up, when he has reached the length of his tether, often turns him quite over on the surface of the water. Then commence the loud cheers, taunts, and other sounds of rage and triumph, so long suppressed. A steady pull is insufficient to carry away the line, but it sometimes happens that the violent struggle of the shark, when too speedily drawn up, snaps either the rope or the hook, and so he gets off to digest the remainder as he best can. It is, accordingly, held the best practice to play him a little, with his mouth at the surface, till he becomes somewhat exhausted. During this operation, one could almost fancy the enraged animal is conscious of the abuse which is flung down upon him; for, as he turns and twists and flings himself about, his eye glares upwards with a ferocity of purpose which makes the blood tingle in a swimmer's veins, as he thinks of the hour when it may be his turn to writhe under the tender mercies of his sworn foe! No sailor, therefore, ought ever to think of hauling a shark on board merely by the rope fastened to the hook; for, however impotent his struggles may be in the water, they are rarely unattended with risk when the rogue is half drawn up. To prevent the line breaking, or the hook snapping, or the jaw being torn away, the device of a running bowline knot is always adopted. This noose, being slipped down the rope and passed over the monster's head, is made to jam at the point of junction of the tail with the body. When this is once fixed, the first act of the piece is held to be complete, and the vanquished enemy is easily drawn over the taffrail and flung on the deck, to the unspeakable delight of all hands. But, although the shark is out of his element, he has by no means lost his power of doing mischief; and I would advise no one to come within range of the tail, or trust his toes too near the animal's mouth. The blow of a tolerably large sized shark's tail might break a man's leg; and I have seen a three-inch hide tiller-rope bitten more than half through, full ten minutes after the wretch had been dragged about the quarter-deck, and had made all his victors keep at a most respectful distance. I remember hearing the late Dr. Wollaston, with his wonted ingenuity, suggest a method of measuring the strength of a shark's bite. If a smooth plate of lead, he thought, were thrust into the fish's mouth, the depth which his teeth should pierce the lead, would furnish a sort of scale for the force exerted.

I need scarcely mention that when a shark is floundering about, the quarter-deck becomes a scene of pretty considerable confusion; and if there be blood on the occasion, as there generally is, from all this rough usage, the stains are not to be got rid of without a week's scrubbing, and many a growl from the captain of the afterguard.—For the time, however, all such considerations are superseded, that is to say, if the commander himself takes an interest in the sport, and he must be rather a spoony skipper that does not. If he be indifferent about the fate of the shark, it is speedily dragged forward to the forecastle, amidst the kicks, thumps, and execrations of the conquerors, who very soon terminate his miserable existence by stabbing him with their knives, boarding-pikes, and tomahawks, like so many wild Indians.

The first operation is always to deprive him of his tail, which is seldom an easy matter, it not being at all safe to come too near; but some dexterous hand, familiar with the use of the broad-axe, watches for a quiet moment, and at a single blow severs it from the body. He is then closed with by another, who leaps across the prostrate foe, and with an adroit cut rips him open from snout to tail, and the tragedy is over, so far as the snufferings of the principal actor are concerned. There always follows, however, the most lively curiosity on the part of the sailors to learn what the shark had got stowed away in his inside; but they are often disappointed, for the stomach is generally empty. I remember one famous exception, indeed, when a very large fellow was caught on board the Alceste, in Anjeer Roads, at Java, when we were proceeding to China with the embassy under Lord Amherst. A number of ducks and hens, which had died in the night, were, as usual, thrown overboard in the morning, besides several baskets, and many other minor things, such as bundles of shavings and bits of cordage, all which were found in this huge sea-monster's inside. But what excited most surprise and admiration was the hide of a buffalo, killed on board that day for the ship's company's dinner. The old sailor who had cut open the shark, stood with a foot on each side, and drew out the articles one by one from the huge cavern into which they had been indiscriminately drawn. When the operator came at last to the buffalo skin, he held it up before him like a curtain, and exclaimed, 'There, my lads, d'ye see that? He has swallowed a buffalo, but he could not digest the hide!'"

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES AND LIFE IN NEW-YORK.

PAT DURKAN'S PIGEONS.

An Irish Story.—Some years since, when the peace had provoked a partial influx of our Gallic neighbours into Ireland, it happened that one arrived at ——— and, as a matter of course, sojourned at Pat Durkan's. His first breakfast there had been discussed apparently much to his satisfaction, and it now only remained to select the materials for dinner from Pat's ample bill of fare, previous to an intended excursion to the neighboring islands. Pat was summoned.

"Vat you have for dinniere ?" demanded the Frenchman. "What hav'n't I, your honor," returned Pat; "why, there's roast and biled, an stewed, an fryed, an the murphies to the back iv that agin; an its seldom the likes iv thim crasses a Frenchman's muzzle in his own country," he added mentally. "Vat you have, manger ?" quoth the Frenchman. "Arrah be aisy, your honor," rejoined Pat, "the divil resave the taste iv mangy mate is under the same roof wid you, barrin the ould bitch, an' she's neither here nor there in ating, you know." "Misericorde !" ejaculated Monsieur somewhat discomposed, and not comprehending the intent of Pat's phraseology, "Manger, I say manger !" "You need not be callin a body names in gibberish, for all that," said Pat; "an' I'll take my Bible oath into the bargain, that the sorrowbit of mangy or meazly mate's is under the same thatch wid you." "Diable !" cried Monsieur, nearly out of patience, "for dinniere, I say dinniere ?" "Och, regarding the dinner, is it ?" said Pat; "musha, sure I tould your honor all about that long ago; we've roast, an biled, an stewed, and fryed; but if you want to know all the ins an outs iv the business, why here's the bill, an your honor may pic an choose for the matter iv that."

Pat lugged out his bill of fare which had been prepared for the occasion by his better half, and the contents of which he was as utterly ignorant of as his guest before he had perused them. In fact, it is a matter of speculation, whether the sum total could, at any period, have been perused within a circuit of some miles; he placed it, however, before his guest. "Ros-bif ?" inquired the Frenchman, as his eye caught the first item. Tunder an' ouns !' thought Pat, 'I'm dish'd now altogether entirely—roast beef, your honor ! troth, thin, I would not recommind it; bekase you see it's long killed—long enough' he added mentally, 'seeing as how bad luck to the taste iv a dead cow stared me in the face since ould Moileen's leg last Christmas.' 'Veal ?' rejoined Monsieur.—'Nor that neither,' said Pat; 'it's only slink your honor—slink indeed,' he continued to himself, 'for it's not dead yet.' 'Pigeons,' enumerated the Frenchman, with the true nasal twang, and annulling the final s. 'Och sure that's not in it,' cried Pat; 'what dickens does he mean at all at-all, wid his pushong ?' 'Pigeons,' reiterated the guest. 'Och bother, your honor, sure it's not game you're makin iv me,' said Pat. 'Pigeons,' rejoined the Frenchman, raising his tone. 'By the hokey, I have it,' cried Pat, after a vehement scratching of his carroty poll—'an it's myself that can shoot your honor to a hair—the pusheens ! Faith it is lucky I thought iv it—whilleluh !' And he made his exit in high glee with his successful interpretation.

It happened upon this identical morning Pat's domestic cat had achieved her accouchement; the event of which had been an increase of his family to the extent of five fine, thriving, comely kittens, or pusheens, as Pat would term them in his native parlance. One of those was, in accordance, as he imagined, with his guest's directions, brought to the knife, dismembered, fricasseed, and in proper time, duly served up for dinner. The dish proved savory; Monsieur smacked his lips, and on the ensuing day, a repitition of the precious condiment was ordered—on the next day an encore—on the next a da capo; and so on until, on the sixth, when Pat's pusheens were exhausted, he made his appearance before his guest with an unusually sombre cast of visage. "Pigeons ?" said the Frenchman. "All gone, your honor," returned Pat; 'an the sorrow one more in the parish for love or money, barrin the ould cat that's mousin here these four years come next Patrickmas." "TheCat," ejaculated Monsieur. "What else," cried Pat. "Cat !" re-echoed the Frenchman with a visible emotion of the stomach and countenance. Pat opened his mouth, scratched his head, and looked aghast. Monsieur stormed, spat, and raved by turns. Pat scratched, and scratched, and scratched, and scratched again, and at length an *eclaircissement* took place.

I cannot say precisely whether or not the stomach-pump had been ere this period invented, and consequently whether it was on this occasion put in requisition; but certain it is, that sounds and symptoms would have evidenced that such an instrument had been used effectually upon the interior of Monsieur, who did not fail to recollect to the last day of his life Pat Durkan's pigeons.

A STREET DIALOGUE ON DIET.

Cuffee. Wy Cato, wat you goin to do wid dem are quash, and dem are mutton chop, wat you got in you basket ?

Cato. Wy wat a fool question you ax, Cuff! I'm a goin to eat 'em, to be sure.

Cuff. Eat 'em ? My gosh ! You die, Cato, sartin's you eat 'em.

Cato. Wal, pose I do, Cuff, wat den ? I must die wen my time come, werer no.

Cuff. Yes, but you die fore you time come, sartin you no take better care you diup. De Collar kill you, sartin you eat dem are nassy quash and dem are ogis mutton chop.

Cato. [Looking black.] You tink so, Cuffee ?

Cuff. Tink so ! Wy I no tink noffin about it —I know so. I hab de proof all round me.—Twenty-lebben my acquaintance die sence de Collar come—and dey all, widout deception, eat one ting or anurrer. Wat you tink o' dat, Cato, ha ?

Cato. Dat is berry alarmin, I muss say, Cuffee; but are you sure any on 'em eat de quash and de mutton chop ?

Cuff. Are I sure ! Wy how long will you spute my word, Cato ? I tell you dere was Sambo Cæsar, he eat a hearty meal o' pork and taters, and next day he was underneeve Potiphar's field. Den dere was Pompey Ticklip, he eat a hearty dinner o' green pease and tingling bean, and, in less an tree hour, he catch a cramp, turn blue in de face, and folly arter Sambo Cæsar.—Den dere was Dinah Phillisy, a trong, hearty wench as ebber walk on two leg, she pay no tention to her diup, but she eat hot corn and sucklctash, and now she underneeve de sod too. Den, moreover, dere was Tom Traityshin, wat kep a wittlin house down suller, he eat sebben hard bile eggs and a pown a gammon for supper, so dat dey needn't be loss; and, gosh almighty ! fore de mornin light he wake up in todder worl. Den, moreober besides, dere was—O, loddy !—dere was ebber so many ob 'em die wid eatin dis ting, and dat ting, and todder ting—I tell you, Cato, dat unless you pay more tention to you diup you sartainly die, sure you lib.

Cato. Wat must I eat, den, Cuffee ?

Cuff. Eat ! Wy, de safess way is not to eat noffin at all, den you no 'spose youself.

Constellation.

A SCALPING EDITOR.

The following appears in the Galenian of the 1st instant:

We have heard from a number of gentlemen who were in the late battle with the Indians, that the editor of this paper was fortunate enough to kill and scalp two Indians, before the engagement commenced in the evening. It appears that he went in advance of the army some distance, for about half a day, in close pursuit of three Indians, until he had got them in a good position for attack. He then asked for five men to assist him in killing them—his request was doubly granted by Gen. Dodge, who sent to his aid ten men. They continued to pursue them—the editor in advance—who came up within twenty paces of the hindmost Indian, and shot him through the body, the ball entering immediately below the heart. By one of our informants, who was close at hand when the editor shot and scalped his Indians, we received the scalps, sent us.

Our informants state that after the first Indian had received the contents of the editor's short gun, (a ball and three buckshot) he staggered back a few paces, leaned against a tree, levelled his piece, fired and wounded one of our men before he fell, although the load had passed entirely through his body! It is said he played the part of a Tactician in a considerable degree.

It is not common for Editors to fight with weapons more potent than the goose quill—and, we doubt not, it is the duty of the press, taking precedents for example, to do the same.—*Ed. pro. tem.*

Specimen of a new Encyclopedia.

Agreeable Smile.—One who has a bow and smile for every body abroad, and beats his wife at home.

Bank.—A kind of a barber's shop where the pocket is shaved instead of the face.

Cash.—An obsolete that formerly signified silver and gold.

Charity.—Putting your name upon a subscription paper in letters an inch long, with a flourish underneath it like a tangled skein of twine, or dropping a roll of bank notes into a Sunday's contribution box before the admiring eyes of a crowded congregation.

Credit.—The art of living without means.

Discounting.—A favor granted to bank directors to each other.

Failing.—A legerdemain trick practiced upon one's creditors.

Gentleman.—An animal that frequents the streets, and waits upon ladies shopping, &c.

Lady.—One who wears a Navarino bonnet or French hat.

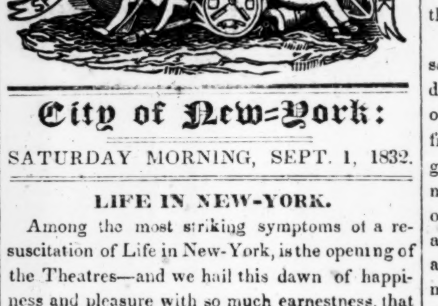
Low Company.—Mechanics, Manufacturers, &c.

Lawful Interest.—Twenty-four per cent per annum.

Lending Money.—Advancing one hundred dollars upon property worth a thousand.

Liberty.—Permission to pay taxes and do military duty, with exemption from voting or filling any of the offices of state.

Respectable Man.—One who has plenty of money.



City of New-York:

SATURDAY MORNING, SEPT. 1, 1832.

LIFE IN NEW-YORK.

Among the most striking symptoms of a resuscitation of Life in New-York, is the opening of the Theatres—and we hail this dawn of happiness and pleasure with so much earnestness, that we have devoted a large moiety of our editorial to a notice of the various performances, at our different Theatres. Play-going constitutes so material a part of our city amusements, that we should fail in the true representation of Life in New-York, did we give a briefer notice of these manifestations of returning health and good spirits.

OUR LAST INVITATION.

We have become downright weary with extending the most pressing invitations to our absentees in the country, conjuring them to return to their homes and business. From all quarters we hear they are vastly impatient to return, but are afraid to venture. What they are afraid of, unless of being blown up in the steamboats or of being dunned on getting here, we cannot conjecture. As citizens, we hear nothing of Cholera. Some one, says the "cunning Searcher after filth and drunkenness" is still lingering about the Five Points, but the city at large is free from the epidemic, and the subject is as rarely mentioned, as the Spotted Fever or the Indian War. The eloquent letter of the President of the Special Medical Council, A. H. Stevens, M. D. confirms us in the reiteration of our steadfast opinion, that with a strict attention to diet and regimen, a sense of entire security may be enjoyed by our whole community. To those who have not yet grown weary of the country and have no business suffering from their absence, we can only say, stay and be happy where you are, drink your fill at the fountains of health, and return to us with joy in your hearts, when it seemeth to you good. But to the really homesick, and those whose affairs demand their attention and presence in town, we offer the assurance of our firm conviction, that the city of New-York is at this moment as safe and secure a residence for the discreet and prudent as any city in the Union.

Young Napoleon.—Our sympathies were very strongly elicited, on reading the following extract of a letter from Vienna, to a gentleman in Paris. That "man was born to die" never was more mournfully illustrated, than by the painful intelligence of the fast approaching death of this noble scion of an immortal father. "The last link is broken"—and the only representative and heir of the "earth's greatest warrior," is prematurely descending to the common lot of mortality. "Apropos of Napoleon. His unfortunate son is certainly dying. Malpetti, his physician, had for some time spoken of him in such a manner as to leave very little hope—but that little is now vanished. The Duke of Riechstadt's disorder is a pulmonary phthisis, which solely destroys him. The poor young man said a few days since, 'So young, is there then no remedy ? My birth and my death then will be the only point of remembrance.' Some time since his mother sent to him the superb cradle that was given at his birth by the city of Paris. He deposited it in the Imperial treasury, recalling the circumstance to his mind a few days since, he said, 'My tomb will be near my cradle.' I was at Paris at the time of his birth, and was present at the grand review which Napoleon had upon the occasion, in order to present to the troops the infant already decorated with a crown. Who would then have anticipated that, proscribed like him through civil discords, I should see him die at Vienna ? His mother is ill at a distance from him. His loss will be much regretted; he is good and kind-hearted, as well as clever and handsome. The sacrament is to be administered to him this morning. What a mournful destiny is his !"

England and America.—Blackwood's Magazine, speaking of the petty jealousies that exist between the people of this country and those of Great Britain has the following amusing paragraph:—"England and America are two fine women—and not only so, but they are mother and daughter. England is fat, fair, and forty, fit for the arms of a King. America, is in her teens, and a morsel for a President. As long as they pursue each her own path, and are proud, each of her own lord or lover, both can bear, without any painful uneasiness, the thought of each other's beauty, and smilingly blow kisses from their hands across the Atlantic. Yet 'twould be too much to expect, that when they speak of each other's charms, they should always select the most seducing; that when they touch on each other's defects, they should point to the least provoking. 'Tis not in nature."

☞ Our advertising friends, whose favors are omitted, shall be attended to in our next.

In our first number we published the following queer Yankee story, communicated by a facetious friend of ours, for this paper. On meeting it lately in a Missouri print, having quite forgotten the circumstance, we did not recognize our bantling, so mutilated was it, but marked it for insertion. The article seemed so perfectly familiar, that after running through it a second time, it occurred to us whence it emanated, and as it may be new to many of our country friends, we give it a place, in its "original form and comeliness."

YANKEE vs. YANKEE.

In the good old times when "the Plymouth Colony" was truly the "land of steady habits," there occasionally sprung up a volatile, fun-loving character, whose habits and disposition formed a striking contrast with the upright and conscientious bearings of the cold and formal Puritans.—An anecdote of two farmers of this class, living near each other, will afford an apt illustration of the text:—One was possessed of some dozen fine sheep, who, having a decided antipathy to confinement, would sometimes trespass on the enclosures of their neighbor. He having caught them in one of these overt acts, determined to inflict summary vengeance on them and their owner. With this intention he proceeded to catch them, and running his knife through one of their hind legs, between the tendon and the bone immediately above the knee joint, put the other leg through the hole. In this condition the woolly flock decamped, leaving one quarter less tracks than when they came.

The feeder of sheep kept his own counsel; and soon after his neighbor's hogs having broken or dug into his enclosures, he took advantage of this opportunity for retaliation, by cutting their mouths from ear to ear. In this way the four footed grunters, rather chop-fallen, as may be supposed, made their way to their own quarters. The owner of the swine soon made his appearance in a great rage, declaring that his hogs were ruined, and that he would have redress. His neighbor made answer, that he was not the cause—"for," said he, "the fact is, my friend, I did'nt cut open them are hog's mouths, but seein' my sheep running on three legs, they split their mouths a laughin !"

TALK ON 'CHANGE.

Pushing about among the busy multitude daily congregated in our beautiful Exchange and around its lofty portico, we caught the following odds and ends of conversation, which will serve as a tolerable index to the popular topics of the week.

Times are looking up—business is really brisk —citizens are crowding home—country merchants are coming in,—wide awake in Pearl-street—Western credit rather questionable,—money is scarce in Ohio—Southerners buy cautiously—don't know how Cholera may affect them—foreign arrivals are frequent—commerce holds its own—fall trade must be tremendous—bargains can be made—goods *must* be sold—auction business all the go.

Great stir among the editors—abuse each other like pickpockets—politics getting into vogue—new Jackson paper about starting—wonder what the Standard will say—Courier waxes warm and hot—recreant print, says one—Webb's right, says another—'tis attacked on all sides—is compared to a "short-tailed bull in fly-time,"—will change its subscribers—but will keep up its number—got rather the advantage in the betting business—wouldn't *bar death*—Standard is picking up—enlarged next week—'twill be popular—Mumford deserves it—he goes the entire swine—the party have neglected him—he should be patronised—the Post m[ust] keep awake, though 'tis an *evening* paper—the American is laughing in its sleeve—The Commercials go ahead "old style."

What has become of the Cholera—hasn't been mentioned this age—Board of Health dissolved —nobody has the symptoms. Colics have all got well—"Camphor charms" discarded—pulled off the strengthening plasters—begin to taste brandy and water—teased by the peaches and melons—spirits are revived—Theatres are thronged—*Life in New-York* has become pleasant and desirable—politics and money-making the *Spirit of the Times.*

An action for breach of promise of marriage was recently brought by a lady in Maryland, the trial of which excited the most deep interest.—The Republican says,

"In this case the parties were of suitable ages for each other, and in all other circumstances, apparently on an equality. More than thirty witnesses were examined on both sides, and the court was engaged in its trial part of four days. We forbear to remark upon the nature of the evidence: but after a contest unexampled in our court for zeal and talent by the counsel, it resulted in a verdict in favor of the plaintiff for $1,425 damages and costs of suit, which must be very heavy, from the number of witnesses.

This is a pretty severe duty on a little innocent billing and cooing. The tariff on woollens is a fool to it. However every state must protect its *staple*, and the Maryland fair ones, surely are the most valuable production of the commonwealth —and faith! with such protection they must flourish "like a green bay tree." If they fail to get husbands, egad! they get what is better "*by half*,"—the ready rhino, and a chance for a husband besides. We trust our ladies will not learn that such privileges are enjoyed south of "Mason and Dixon's line," they would nullify, as sure as death, and the Union (at least of the sexes,) would be annihilated, and we old bachelors might bite our thumbs till our heads ached, and be bachelors still.

Niblo's Garden.—This delightful spot—the fairy land where the productions of nature and art are alike unequalled, and together combine to form the most enchanting retreat from the bustle and hum of business that can well be imagined, has been re-opened for the season; and although but a brief interval can elapse before the approach of iron winter will despoil it of its beauty, yet, we need hardly say, that interval will be well improved by the fashionable, the gay, and even the melancholy and misanthropic, who were wont to invoke the soothing influence of its quiet arbors, and to forget the sorrows and disappointments of life in the contemplation of its splendid and picturesque scenery.

Clinton Hotel.—The Courier of Wednesday says, they are requested to state that the Clinton Hotel still remains open for the reception of company, and that visitors to this establishment will receive the accustomed attention and civilities, for which the house has heretofore been noted.

From the Boston Daily Atlas.

BARBER-OUS TREATMENT OF A POLE

"*Sign of the Times.*" Mr. Nathanial Tidd, a colored barber "what operates" in Water street, recently lost the pole from before his shop, by which circumstance he was sadly perplexed.—Chance-customers did not drop in as usual, there being no beacon to guide them to the sharp razors and politeness of Mr. Tidd. The pole was missing three days, when Mr. Tidd was informed by a merry-faced crowd, that his pole was lashed to the top of a very lofty elm-tree on the opposite side of the street. By the dint of hard climbing, the pole was recovered. The mischievous rogues, after stealing it, had driven a large spike through the pole into the tree, and fastened it very securely to neighboring boughs, some 60 feet from the ground.

Really our feelings are shocked at the *barber*-ous treatment extended by the enlightened citizens of Boston to a poor, friendles, shelterless *Pole!* though from association he *might* be tinctured with *barber*-ism. We had fondly cherished the hope, that the lone wanderer after reaching our shores, and acquiring "a local habitation and a name," might set down contented with a thankful heart *under* his own vine and fig-tree,—but to the disgrace of the "literary emporium," be it said, with a *barbar*-ity unparalelled, they even forced him from his own *threshold*, and after thrusting him high upon a tree, loftier than the gallows of Haman, the *barber*-ous wretches drove a *spike* through his body, and "left him alone in his glory."

"High Life below stairs," or Ladies not at home.—The London Court Journal, of the 30th June, makes the following statement.

"It is a matter of notoriety, that both at Epsom and Ascot, during the present season, ladies of rank and fashion—of the *highest* rank and fashion, and unfortunately boasting also a high proportion of those personal attractions which tend to fix the eyes of all classes of society upon their proceedings—were seen among the foremost and most eager players at the Roulette tables, and with the pea-and-thimble blackguards infesting the Course. One of them (a Countess of unblemished name and exquisite beauty) is known to have lost a sum of £300 in a gambling booth at Epsom; and unless we are much mistaken, may have derived a useful lesson from the severe sarcasms provoked on all sides, by her appearance at Ascot in contact with the most flagrant ruffians of the metropolis. That a woman, whatever her rank, whose husband is addicted to the turf, may share in the excitement constantly astir around her, triumphing in his triumph, and gratified by his success, even to the occasional hazard of a bet, we can well conceive. A winter passed at Melton initiates many a dainty fair one into the arena of field sports, and inspires her with involuntary ardor in the cause; but when we hear of lady So-and-so's *book*, or of Miss —— proving a *defaulter*, we begin to think that Free Masonry should extend its prohibitions to the stud and the betting-room, and exclude the fairest of God's creation from such vile associations."

This article is so evidently overcharged, that Bell's Life in London takes occasion to say that the ladies to whom the allusion is made, merely entered the booths from curiosity, and did not play. The trick of the "thimble" is apropos to the ladies, though we suspect the present generation of the "*Haut Ton*" know less of the legitimate use of the *Thimble* than their grand mothers. It however, argues something favorable that they are pleased to see it put to *any use.* Mrs. Trollope surely should set these things right. Attending races, entering booths, watching "pea-and-thimble blackguards," is almost as bad as American ladies attending church and keeping silent, poor things!

English society is getting tame since the gentlemen have discarded "long nap'd hats" and will neither "whittle, chew nor spit."

Comets and Women.—Comets, doubtless, answer some wise end and good purpose in the creation; so do women. Comets are incomprehensible, beautiful, and eccentric; so are women.—Comets shine with peculiar splendor, but at night appear most brilliant; so do women. * * * * Comets confound the most learned, when they attempt to ascertain their nature; so do women.—Comets equally excite the admiration of the philosopher and the clod of the valley; so do women. Comets and women, therefore, are closely analogous; but the nature of each being inscrutable, all that remains for us to do is to view with admiration the one, and almost to admiration love the other.

We strongly suspect the author of the above paragraph intended it for a sly piece of irony—wearing the cloak of compliment with the sting of an adder. The case is a suspicious one, and could we discover the presumptuous author, he should be summoned before a proper tribunal.—Madame Trollope should be his accuser—Madame Royall his judge—twelve old maids his jury —an arrant coquette his counsel—a jilting flirt his executioner—his body given to the gossips, and his bones sold for the benefit of the "Lying-in-Hospital."

☞ We acknowledge with pleasure the reception of an excellent article on Pickerel Fishing. To *such* communications our columns are ever open. It shall appear in our next.

Sensibility of Genius.—At a meeting of the Institute in Paris to award the grand prize for the best Musical composition, M. Pierre Lagrave appeared among the competitors. He was only 20 years of age, and obtained the second grand prize last year. Every thing indicated that he would this year triumph over all his competitors. When the result was announced, unfavorable to himself, such was the shock which he experienced, that he was seized with convulsions and died in three hours.

Miss Anna Maria Porter, well known to the novel reading world, and who certainly was a lady of fine imagination, and at one time may be said to have occupied the throne as Mrs. Radcliff's successor, died at the residence of Mrs. Colonel Booth, near Bristol, Eng., where she was on a visit.

Loyalty.—A London paper in speaking of the vast quantity of trash pouring in, in the shape of congratulations for the safety of the King, against the *stone* which "hit" his sacred Majesty's head, says—"If there had been a particle of *brains*, behind the place where the stone struck, there would have been no occasion for these addresses."

Privileges of British Subjects.—Children may be hanged in England at twelve years of age, and married in Scotland at fourteen.

Stump Eloquence in Missouri.—The St. Louis Republican gives the following luminous extract from the speech of a candidate for a seat in Congress:—

"A Tariff is a cartel Plenipotentiary, and a cartel is a writing or agreement stipulatory, between belligerents!"

The editor of the Republican thinks his style a little too "Aldeberontophoscophornionchrononhotonthologistical for common folks."

Complimentary.—A sporting gentleman lately passing a house and observing on the door the separate names of physician and surgeon, facetiously remarked that it put him in mind of a double-barrelled gun, for if one *missed* the other was sure to *kill.*

Pugilism.—The federal and democratic newspapers, being crowded together in the mail-bag, got to fighting, and tore each other to pieces. This accounts for the present scarcity of news.

Accident by Fire.—A fisherman's boat lately caught fire, and was nearly burnt up—fortunately the devouring flames did not communicate to the river, owing probably to the dampness of the weather. Boatmen ought to be extremely careful not to set the river on fire.

A Mischievous Trick.—A student of Columbia College, having got part of a telescope into his hands, which reversed objects, turned a lady heels over head, in the street, by which she was very much bruised and crippled. Is it not the duty of the corporation to put an immediate stop to this mischief ?

Melancholy.—A farmer in Indiana, having pulled a very fine beet, neglected to fill up the hole from whence it was taken, when his son, an interesting and promising youth of 19 years of age, unfortunately fell in it, and, in consequence of the ground caving in, was buried alive. It is hoped that Congress will adopt measures to check the growth of such unwarrantable beets.

"What's in a Name ?"—In looking over the list of candidates for civil officers in the Cherokee Nation, as announced in the Phœnix, we observe the following among others:—Sleeping Rabbit, Sweet Water, Roman Nose, and Parched Corn.

Anti-Fumigation.—On the 21st August, in Boston, a man named Joseph Dominick, a hack-driver by profession, was compelled, by a mulctuary order, to pay two dollars and costs of court for smoking a segar in the street.

Owning a Husband.—The Charleston papers speak of the execution of a colored man named William, the husband and the property of Mary Connor.

Distressing Affair.—Mormonism has broken out in Lynn, Mass, and has carried off several persons.

An Ill-Natured Item.—An eastern editor states that a lady, dressed in balloon sleeves, lately came in contact with the horns of a huge ox. The teamster hallooed to her to "turn out:" but she could not, as the street was only four rods wide. She escaped without injury except to her sleeves, which were most shockingly crumpled.

Excessive Tenderness.—A lean, lank old bachelor married a young widow in weeds, a few nights ago, and they manifested their joy on the happy occasion so boisterously that the watchmen were obliged to interfere and march off both bride and groom to the watch-house. They were as well as could be expected next morning.

Persian Sam Patchism.—At Shuster, a city at the foot of the Bucktiari range of mountains, in Persia, there is a bridge eighty feet above the waters of the river Karoon. From the summit of this bridge, the Persians throw themselves in sport, and with impunity, into the river below.

Proper Resentment.—An Irishman, when passing a hornet's nest with his gun on his shoulder, was bitterly stung by one of its proprietors: turning round, he let them have the contents of his piece, with the comforting remark,—"Now by St. Patrick, my boy, I'm thinking you'll have something to do at home, you will."

A Rum 'un. A *steamer* was seen staggering through our streets a day or two since, from the effect of intoxication. 'Halloo there,' said a boy who happened to see him, 'if you dont take care, you'll be in the Cholera hospital. 'Umph!' grunted the drunkard, 'there is no danger of that for I've just come out, cured.'

A "*gentleman*" whose conscience must have been below *Zero*, stole a Thermometer from the office of the Daily Chronicle, at Philadelphia, a few weeks since.

Almost a Bull.—An Irish gentleman meeting an Englishman, thus addressed him:—"Ah, my dear, is it you ? When I saw you at the end of the street, I thought you were your cousin; as you came nearer, I thought you were yourself, and now I plainly see you are your brother.

"The very it."—Why did Adam *bite* the apple, presented him by Eve ? asked a country schoolmaster. Because he had no *knife*, said the boy.

Amazing.—Two yoke of oxen were late killed in Ohio, by an ear of corn falling from the stall on them. The driver narrowly escaped. Farmers should gather their corn before it gets so ripe as to drop off.

Asking Alms.—The Constellation tells a good anecdote of a man, who, having lost his legs, went about the country on horseback, to solicit charity. Coming to the house of an old lady, who happened to be rather of a peppery disposition, and knocking at the door as he sat on his rack of a steed, she addressed him with—"What do you want there ?"

"I called," returned the beggar, humbly, "to ask alms."

"*Arms!*" exclaimed the old lady—"you had better get you a pair of *legs* first."

"Forget-Me-Not."—A new cream colored Omnibus, of the above name, made its appearance in Wall street on Monday, belonging to Mr. A Brower's Broadway line of stages. For comfortable dimensions, light and elegant appearance, we think it superior to the far-famed "Minerva."

Execution.—Sovereign, the man who murdered his wife and six children some time last winter, in London township, Upper Canada, was executed at that place on the 13th August.

Marriage of Charles and Clara.—The Philadelphia Express again inhumes an idle story that wont stay refuted.

Will our friend of the Inquirer informs us where he found an account of the marriage of young Kean and Clara Fisher ? We gave it as a joke on Saturday that such a paragraph was published in a Dublin paper of rather an old date, and our neighbor to be original, repeats it as new matter of his own finding out. So much for the Dublin Editor, the Dublin public—the Inquirer Editor, or the parties themselves!

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK.

The numerous and highly respectable audience that honored by their presence the opening of this Theatre on Wednesday evening, gave flattering earnest of a successful campaign. The house has been newly painted and ornamented; indeed the whole internal appearance shows evidently that the late recess has not been occupied in idle murmurings at the hardness of the times. The grand Opera of Masaniello was performed for the "fortieth time in America," and was received with rapturous applauses. The *penchant* for Operas shown by the attendants at this Theatre, fully justifies their so oft repeated exhibition. And notwithstanding we hear on every corner of our streets, snatches of the various songs and choruses of this delightful Opera whistled or sung by the idle loiterers, the public are not the less disposed to listen to the same airs in the surpassingly fine tones of that favorite singer, Mr. Jones. This gentleman's natural endowments and professional skill have too often been the theme of praise, and are too well appreciated to require at our hands a repetition of the assurance of his high attainments and great popularity. Mr. Richings is never more himself and never appears to greater advantage than in the character of Pietro. On Wednesday, he was emphatically at home. Mrs. Sharpe was warmly greeted on appearing as the Princess Elvira, and the unaffected timidity and embarrassment with which she was forced to contend, even after so short an absence from the stage, rather added to her ever interesting style of acting. Others might have disliked it; we, however, are pleased to see such touches of nature, and evidence of sensibility. We cannot mention Mrs. Sharpe without feeling greatly inclined to compliment her extreme good taste in dress—and we are the more disposed to do it in reference to her really splendid attire on Wednesday, because we, with others, were pained to see, in a number of instances, the exhibition of great negligence in this particular. The first night of a season of course affords an apology for *all* mistakes. We shall therefore not individualize persons nor *garments*,—yet we cannot help remarking that in the dress of a lady, we have heretofore supposed it quite an object to give the greatest elongation to the *outer* garment. Mrs. Vernon, as the gay milliner in the National Guard, deserves to be particularised for her spirited exhibition of the character. The songs in this short but lively Opera were well sung, especially the air and chorus 'Garde a vous!' by Mr. Jones and guard.

Mr. Wilkinson, late of the Haymarket, London, made his first appearance on the New-York stage, in the character of "Sam Swipes," on Thursday evening. Should this gentleman have entertained a doubt as to the manner of his reception, it must have been most pleasantly dissipated by the warm and reiterated expression of welcome from every quarter of the house.

Mr. Wilkinson's style is of that gentle and quiet character that gives him the prepossessing appearance of modesty and good breeding. He avoids all those ugly faces, broad grins, and claptraps of every kind which have so often set the pit in a roar, and rests his power over our laughing propensities entirely on the simple personification of nature, in a chaste and noiseless manner. This may not *take* greatly at first—but will will and must take precedence of baboonism and buffoonery; and the success attending the racy and quiet manner of Mr. W. will soon effect so desirable a change. The natural and quaint humor of "Sam Swipes" was irresistably taking, and the personification was received throughout in a very flattering manner. Mr. W. will heighten the interest by giving a little more fullness to his voice, so as to relieve the house from that painful stretch of the "auditory nerve," which his low tones so frequently demand. Many of his "good things," perhaps his best, were lost to us entirely. We congratulate the public on the possession of such means of laughter as will no doubt be found in the future personations of Mr. W.'s favorite characters,—and we congratulate *him* on his "first impressions" in New-York."

THE AMERICAN.

We had the pleasure of seeing Miss Vincent at this theatre, yesterday week, in the characters of Amanthis and Colin. The characters are very similar, and the design of exhibiting the workings of nature in a young person sedulously educated in an entire exclusion from intercourse with the opposite sex is fanciful enough, and Miss Vincent does infinite credit to the two parts. But we like her Colin much the best; if for no other reason, because we are always glad to see such an admirable though temporary addition made to the dignity of the sex "of which we have the honor of being a member." It *tickles* one mightily.

We must take the liberty of saying that in neither of her characters was Miss V. well supported. Mrs. Stevenson, for instance, who knows how to play so well, by an unfortunate whiff of her fan having upset her *headgear*, lost the command of her countenance, and throughout the remainder of the play instead of appearing like a vain, jealous, ugly old prude, looked so natural, arch, and pretty, that we sat in trembling fear lest the timorous Colin should be subdued by her attractions, and joyously fly into her outstretched arms, to the utter discomfiture of the plot of the author. But young Colin *played his part*, and most valorously did he drive off the 'old bird,' and ultimately did ample honor to the manhood of his assumed sex by the fervency of his kisses and the voluptuous earnestness of his amorous dalliances with the modest "Eliza."—Verily, such sights must be dangerous; for we are persuaded that nothing but another as *lovable* and pretty as the fair "Eliza," was wanting, to transform us, Editor though we be, into a most veritable Colin.

In Amanthis, Miss V. was still more illy supported, although she had the assistance of nearly all the company. To be sure, Miss Waring played her part with her usual good judgment, and was jealous and fond by turns most naturally;—but then we had the awfully sepulchral voice and clumsy gait of Mr. Farren, the ludicrous pathos and ill memory of Mr. Johnson, and the frigidity of Mr. Jones. What ails Mr. Jones we can't imagine. Zounds! the man makes love like a bear, with his arm encircling a pretty woman's waist, and her "large, lustrous eyes" gazing full upon him, he is calm and unmoved as a Stoic. We are not the only ones who have noticed this fault of Mr. J. He undoubtedly possesses "a competent share of manly confidence and *suscitation*," (his own word) and "an easy, graceful deportment," but we fear he is a little wanting in another quality which he seems to think the "Science of Fencing" *tends to constitute*, i. e. "a lively imagination." This last idea is rather a novel one to us, but is, we hope, accurate. *If it is*, we advise Mr. J. to go to fencing most industriously, and should he at last acquire "a lively imagination," we would say, "To it again!—fence *once more*," and perhaps you may get hold of another quality near akin to it—"a delicate sensibility." The want of this *seems* to be the cause of the chief defect in Mr. J.'s acting, and we see not why this may not be acquired by *fencing* as readily as "a powerful invention, a penetrating judgment, and a *lively imagination.*" !!

If any of our remarks should stir the passions of any of those named for a *few minutes*, it becomes them to bear in mind that their defects stirred ours for *two hours*, and cost us this most erudite and yet conscientious of articles; and thus they will find that we have had "the worst of the bargain."

On Wednesday night Miss Vincent took a benefit, and appeared in two new characters.—This is always hazardous, in consequence of a want of sufficient familiarity with the parts. And we regret to say, that the performances of Wednesday justify the remark. Throughout the whole, there was a manifest want of drilling. But Blanchard played, and that will redeem almost any thing; and Miss Vincent smiled and looked lovely, and who could be severe ? Her dancing too was *tol lol*, but not improved by applause.—Mr. Schmidt upon the violin was admirable, altho' he is not yet quite equal, we imagine, upon *one string* to his great model—or *four either.*

We understand the worthy Manager has not yet entirely regained his health, (God speed him in its recovery.) When he does, we shall look for rather livelier times at the Bowery.

RICHMOND HILL.

We have not found time this week to visit this abode of fun and frolic, but we hear that there has not been wanting sufficient inducements to even *walk* there—certainly to ride. There must be rare entertainments for all tastes, where Mr. and Mrs. Barnes, and Mr. and Mrs. Hilson put forth their acknowledged powers, and we have resolved to devote the first evening of leisure, to the gratification of our wishes, to see and enjoy once more the very clever and choice amusements of this popular House.

Sporting Intelligence.

ANGLING EXTRAORDINARY.

We have received from an unknown correspondent an account of *fishing through the ice*, after a mode we never saw practised or mentioned in any Sporting Calendar. Our friend remarks that "likely enough you will not consider it *sport*,"—to which we cordially assent, having never made use of the *hatchet* in any piscatorial excursion of ours, save to *cut a pole.*

His method of procedure in such cases made and provided we give in his own words:

"I live by the banks of the Assiskunk Creek, near Burlington, N. J. and when it is frozen over sufficiently strong to bear my weight, I sally out upon skaits, provided only with a little *hatchet*, and on seeing a fish, (which I can readily through the ice,) I strike the ice immediately over him, which invariably kills or stuns him, and brings him floating to the surface of the water: I then cut a hole through and take him out, and in this simple way I frequently have filled my basket.

"J. W. I."

Cholera among the Fish. A letter from Constantia, published in the Evening Post says:—"On the Morning of the 25th inst. this shore, north of the Oneida Lake, was discovered to be lined with dead fish, principally Pike and Perch. I had the curiosity to go down on the shore myself, and in the short distance of a few rods, counted upwards of two hundred.

Pedestrianism.—Mr. J. R. Purser, a native of Dublin, aged 38, undertook to walk sixty times round Stephen's-green, Dublin, (a distance of 54 English miles, in twelve successive hours. He commenced at 1 o'clock, a. m., and at three minutes to 12 on the same morning completed his Herculean task; thus winning the match by one hour and three minutes within the given time.—His sustenance, at intervals, was beef-tea. He has since complained of pains in his hips and loins.—*Bell's Life in London.*

A porpoise was seen sporting in the Thames last week, between Vauxhall and Battersea-Bridge. A number of sportsmen endeavored to shoot it, but without success until Thursday, when he made his appearance opposite the Red House Tavern. Mr. Swayne, accompanied by Messrs. Sambrook and Burnside, immediately took a boat and went in pursuit, and came up with it off Chelsea, where they succeeded in killing it at the second shot. It measured 4 ft. 2 in. long, 2 ft. 6 in. in girth, and weighed 84 lbs.—*Ib.*

A gentleman, who is wholly unknown to the sporting world, without previous training, and totally unused to pedestrianism, for a match of fifty sovereigns, on Saturday last, accomplished the task of running without cessation or alteration of pace (and subject to the impediments of the road) from the Standard, Cornhill, to Croydon Church which is generally considered to be above eleven miles, having left the former place at five minutes past seven, p. m., and arrived at the latter one at a quarter past nine, making two hours and ten minutes in the performance of the distance, and without any apparent labour. We have known the distance to be performed in little more than half the time.—*Ib.*

Great Riding.—On Wednesday, Lieutenant McKinnon of the 61st regiment, for a wager, engaged to ride a pony from Shipquaygate to the Three Trees, a distance of about eight Irish miles, in thirty minutes; and accomplished the undertaking in twenty-eight minutes.—*Ib.*

Duck Hunting in Court.—During the trial of a young lad, named William Maddox, which took place recently in the new court of the Old Bailey, for stealing some ducks in the neighborhood of Brentford, it was necessary to produce the ducks, that the prosecutor might identify them. From the clumsy manner in which the basket containing the ducks was handled, one of them escaped from it, and the officers of the court, aided by several individuals, were occupied a considerable time before the duck was recaptured. The bird, after having visited nearly every corner of the court, to the no small amusement of every one present, was at length replaced in the basket from which it had escaped.—*Ib.*

Great Walking.—On Tuesday, Lieutenant Jones of the 61st regiment undertook for a wager to walk on the Strand road eight Irish miles in two hours and ten minutes. He started at three o'clock, p. m., and performed the first two miles in 25 1-2 minutes; the second two in 26 minutes; and the third two in 26 1-2 minutes. He walked the remaining two miles leisurely, and finished at 47 1-2 minutes past four o'clock—thus performing the whole in one hour and forty-seven and a half minutes. There was a great number of persons present to witness the feat, and considerable betting.—*Derry (Ireland) Journal.*

FOREIGN SELECTIONS.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.—The illustrious baronet has arrived at his own residence in Scotland in an easy journey from New-Haven. His removal was at his pressing request, to which his physicians gave their assent. The following paragraph will show the deep interest elicited for his welfare on his departure from London:

On Saturday evening (says the London Times) Sir Walter Scott, accompanied by his two daughters and Mr. Lockhart, embarked on board the James Watt steam-packet for Leith. The party arrived at Blackwell in two travelling carriages, in one of which lay Sir Walter Scott in a recumbent posture, with Mr. Lockhart seated by his side. The vessel was lying at the jetty, and the carriage was hoisted on board by means of a large crane, and when on deck, was gently wheeled to the door of the cabin appropriated to the use of the illustrious baronet. The most entire stillness prevailed throughout the interval—even the accustomed *Yee Ho*, which was at one moment given, was scarcely made audible to the bystanders. It was altogether a scene of the most painful interest, and forcibly impressed all present.

The health of Sir Walter is said to be so much improved as to excite hopes of his recovery. An Edinburgh paper states that the condition of his health is better than is generally supposed.

When he stopped at the Fushie Bridge, on his road to Abbottsford, he immediately recognized the old lady of the house, (who is supposed to be the prototype of Megg Dodds,) and gave her a hearty shake of the hand. The old lady had been in raptures ever since.

MUSICAL ANECDOTES.

A work entitled "The Music of Nature," just published in London, contains some curious facts and anecdotes relative to the science of music and some of its most eminent professors. We subjoin two of them—the first relating to the far-famed Catalini:

"When Captain Montague was cruising off Brighton, Madame Catalini was invited, with other ladies, to a brilliant *fete* on board his frigate. The captain went in his launch on shore, manned by more than twenty men, to escort the fair freight on board, and as the boat was cutting through the waves, Madame Catalini, without any previous notice, commenced the air of "Rule Britannia." Had a voice from the great deep spoken, the effect could not have been more instantaneous and sublime. The sailors, not knowing whom they were rowing, were so astonished and enchanted into inactivity, that with one accord they rested upon their oars, while tears trembled in the eyes of many of them. "You see, Madame," said the captain, "the effect this favorite air has upon these brave men, when sung by the finest voice in the world. I have been in many victorious battles, but never felt any excitement equal to this." On arriving on board, the sailors, with his consent, entreated her to repeat the strain: she complied with the request with increased effect, and with so much good nature that when she quitted the ship, they cheered her until she reached the shore."

The following anecdote of Braham's parrot is curious, but, when taken in connexion with the one appended to it, must be allowed to savor strongly of the marvellous:

"Parrots, like cuckoos, form their notes deep in the throat, and show great aptitude in imitating the human voice. A most remarkable instance I met with at Mr. Braham's villa at Brompton. A lady, who had great admiration for his talents, presented him with a parrot, on which she had bestowed great pains in teaching it to talk. After dinner, during a pause in the conversation, I was startled by a voice from one corner of the room calling out, in a strong, hearty manner, "Come, Braham, give us a song!"—Nothing could exceed the surprise and admiration of the company. The request being repeated and not answered, the parrot struck up the first verse of "God save the King," in a clear, warbling tone, aiming at the style of the singer, and sang it through. The ease with which this bird was taught was equally surprising with the performance. The same lady prepared him to accost Catalini, when dining with Mr. Braham, which so alarmed Madame Catalini, that she nearly fell from her chair. Upon his commencing "Rule Britannia," in a loud and intrepid tone, the chantress fell on her knees before the bird, expressing in terms of delight her admiration of its talents.

"This parrot has only been exceeded by Lord Kelley's, who, upon being asked to sing, replied —"I never sing on a Sunday."—'Never mind that, Poll, come, give us a song.'—"No, excuse me, I've got a cold—don't you hear how hoarse I am?"—This extraordinary creature performed the three verses entire of "God save the King," words and music, without hesitation, from the beginning to the end."

SINGULAR GROUND OF EXEMPTION.—A poor old tar, with two wooden legs, passed over Hampton Bridge last week, and paid the usual toll of a halfpenny. On getting to the other side, he called at a public house, and asked for half a pint of beer, saying he would have had a pint, but his funds were reduced by paying the toll—"Toll! for what?" said Boniface.—"Why, for the bridge," replied Jack.—"Lord love you!" rejoined the host, "you had no right to pay—you are not a *foot* passenger, for you have no feet!"—"No more I an't," exclaimed Jack, "and d—n me if I don't have my copper back!"—With this determination he returned to the bridge, claimed exemption, and had it allowed—thus enabling him to get a full allowance of heavy wet.—*Bell's Life in London.*

CURIOUS PUNISHMENT.—A young woman of respectable appearance went into the shop of the Messrs. Dawbains, at Wisbeach, to purchase a wedding-dress, but being detected in secreting several articles, she had her choice of being sent to prison or exhibited in the shop-window as a thief during the remainder of the afternoon. She chose the latter, and sat the gazing-stock of an immense concourse of spectators until her liberation. It was thought necessary for her safety to send an escort of police with her some distance out of town.—*Ib.*

CURING THE RHEUMATISM.—The father and mother of a young girl afflicted with rheumatic pains determined on curing her; and, according to the advice of one of those female physicians who are to be found in every village, they placed the girl in an oven, where she expired after about thirty-five minutes' suffering. Brought before the tribunal of Correctional Police of Autun, the father and mother, who were proved to have behaved tenderly towards their daughter, and the female doctor, were condemned, the first to a fine of five francs, and the other to five days' imprisonment.—*French Paper.*

BILLY AND THE FISHMONGER.—We regret to find that the Duke of Gloucester was disappointed a few evenings since, of an expected treat. His highness having overheard some one enthusiastically praising the beauty, delicacy, richness, taste, &c. of *"Crabbe's Tales,"* wrote off to his fishmonger for a large dish of *"crab's tails,"* quite fresh, to be selected for his supper. We have too much respect for Royalty to describe the rage of the Duke at being disappointed of such a dainty, through the stupidity of the fishmonger, who was not aware of the existence of such a dish.—*Schoolmaster at Home.*

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland observed the other day he should very much like to go to Astley's amphitheatre, and accordingly as he rode along he was on the look-out for a bill, when his eye was caught by a placard, announcing "Mr. Ducrow in two pieces."—"Higgins," exclaimed the Duke, in apparent agitation, "do you see that? I thought it would happen, when I used to see him stretch his legs across the backs of five horses. Poor Ducrow, you see, is at last in *two pieces.*—[Figaro.

Flogging with laths, the only corporal punishment that remained in use in the Prussian army, has just been abolished by order of the King.

FLINTY LAND-OWNERS.—It has been observed that it is a heart-rending scene to witness the distress of some poor families in Ireland. If hearts were in reality *rent*, there are landlords who would be brutal enough to take them in execution.—*Figaro in London.*

A TRIFLING EXACTION.—A gentleman being teazed in company to sing a song, pettishly observed that they "wished to make a *butt* of him." —"By no means," replied one of his tormentors, "we merely want to get a *stave* out of you."—*The Original.*

COUNTENANCE AND PROTECTION.—When the 45th regiment was in Ireland, they were quartered near the estate of the late Lord ——, who was the ugliest man of his days, but withal very proud, conceited, and fond of patronizing. He called on Major Mac——, a gentleman of high Irish family, who had the command, and introduced himself by saying "Mr. Mac——, I am the Earl of ——; I am the first man and the richest man in this part of the country, and am willing to offer you my countenance and protection." Instead of the humble gratitude he expected, he got the following answer: "My Lord, Maj. Mac—— can protect himself; and as for your *countenance*, I would not have it for your Earldom."

Police Intelligence.

NEW-YORK.

A colored man named James Marshall was committed to Bridewell on Tuesday, on suspicion of having ill treated another colored man named Richard Provost who was found lying in a state of insensibility in Catharine Market about two o'clock on Sunday morning. The prisoner states that he with Provost and two others went into the Market to sleep: they got up to the rafters over the fish market when Provost fell to the ground where he remained until the watchman came up. Provost has not been able to speak since, and his life is considered in danger.—*Courier.*

PICKPOCKETS.—A pocket-book containing $88, was stolen from the pocket of Mr. G. H. Siemon, on Monday, whilst he stood in a crowd at the Post Office. Robberies of this kind perpetrated at the Post Office, have of late been so frequent, that it is a matter of wonder why persons attending there are not more cautious than to take large amounts of money with them.—*Ib.*

BURGLARY. The house of Samuel C. Jaques in Asylum street between Cornelia and Jones sts. was broken open on Monday night and robbed of a one day clock, a feather bed, a white gauze long shawl, a plated castor stand, and a variety of other articles.—*Ib.*

STEAMBOAT CAUTION. A fellow who pretended to be a porter, took a band-box containing $50 and a variety of small articles, from on board a Hoboken Ferry-boat on Tuesday, promising to deliver it at No. 243 Greenwich st. The lady who entrusted the band box to him soon lost sight of him in consequence of the speed with which he walked; he has not since been heard from.—*Ib.*

SHOPLIFTING.—Two pieces of mixed dark Satinet were stolen on Tuesday morning from the store of Messrs Harris & Willard 55 Pine street.

Two person were arrested on Tuesday and fully committed for attempting to pass two dollar counterfeit notes on the Manhattan Bank.

THE ROBBED ROBBER.—For some time past, a lad has been employed in obtaining small quantities of goods from various places under the false pretence that his father or mother or some other person wished to see them. In this roguery he succeeded very well. One day he had the adroitness to obtain a pair of boots to show his father. The boots were taken to Broadway and exchanged for a quarter of a ticket. The ticket drew a prize of a thousand dollars. This good fortune worked his detection—for he must needs buy a watch, and make a dash at the Five Points. There of course he was robbed; and repairing to the Police for redress, met some of the persons whom he had himself robbed, and was lodged in Bridewell. His reversionary interest in the prize money falls to the honest boot maker and his associates, "parties in the first part" in the affair.—*Journal of Commerce.*

On Thursday evening Aug. 23, a young man called at a lottery office, and received upwards of $200, a prize which he drew yesterday. He was followed up town by a man he did not know, and in a by-place the fellow seized him, and said that he was an officer, and that he must give up the money. The boy refused, and the villain then took it from him by force, and ran off.

The boy discerned him last night in the street and had him arrested by a watchman. He was recognised as an old offender. His name is Charles White, and has been out of prison but a short time. He was committed to answer the charge of the robbery.

PHILADELPHIA.

Pergamus Frisbee, on the night of the 19th ult. was discovered on the cross-bar of an awning-frame, regarding the stars with a steady gaze, and sighing like furnace.

"My eye," said a charley—"loafing up a tree! Be pleased to descend, you raccoon."

"Heigho! what are you pleased to want down below? Heigho!"

"You—I want you—come down."

"Call to-morrow and I'll tell you when to call again, my heart at the present sitting incapacitates me for official transactions."

"I'll do your business for you, my hearty, never fear—Down with you," said Charley, shaking the post.

"Ah, dont! I am down—down in the mouth."

"Why you *ornery* fellow, dare to crack jokes with me! down! down! down!" said he, shaking the frame with such violence, that Pergamus was glad to spring to the earth.

"Now, burster, what the dogs do you mean?"

"I'm chock full of grief, and I can't tell what for. I'm all a bag of bewailments and tears. Sich an oppression at my heart, and sich a buzzing in my ears. Oh! dear!"

"I've a fancy you've had too much to drink."

"Nothing to converse about. Three cocktails, one gin and two brandy—a sling and a julip, and a pint of Poughkeepsie to keep up my spirits, and keep down my dinner. I was pretty well at dinner, and knocked it in by the hat-full; and then I smoked three long nines, took a snooze, and have felt like a stewed witch ever since. Wetting my whistle wouldent even do me any good." Oh! I feel as if something was going to happen; something very shocking. Dont you?

"Yes—that's a fact—you are going to the watch'us."

"What, when I'm next to dead of sorrow? have you no bowels, but what's made of brick-bat?

"Disperse right away—off to quod—I'll bowel you."

"Well, if ever! my sorrows send me to jail. This is a free country with an onion to it, I reckon! Heigho, I submit, but if ever I catch you on our steps—"

"What will you do you swipey."

"I've got a big brother, and he will crack your cheek."

"Who's afeard. Bring on your wild cats. That's the how." Pergamus began to weep, and wailing, wandered woefully to the watch house. Fined.

DELICATE SITUATION.—Easter Broke, sat on a fire plug like a perfect statue.

"Have you no where's to go?" said the watch.

"No where's!" said Easter.

"That's queer. Where did you come from?"

"Watchey, are you a man of feeling?" whispered Easter.

"Why, yes, if I'm hit pretty hard—but I'm a little of a gum stump."

"Watchey, to tell you the truth, I'm in a pickle."

"What's the row, sonny?"

"Mrs. Broke and I have had a tiff—a misunderstanding—a small matrimonial breeze? but such things are too delicate for common ears. However, thus it was: She wanted money—I had none. She called me a nincum—I said I was'ent. She cussed and kicked me right out of doors, cha-bang; and locked me out, smash! What a pickle I'm in!"

"Why did'nt you give her a licking, sonny?"

"My wife's a lady, and I'm a gentleman. Genteel husbands always lets their wives lick 'em. 'Taint perlite to resist."

"Well, jist as you like. It may be agreeable to you that way, but I prefer to flog rather than to be flogged."

"But when a lady does it—"

"Can't say I see the difference. But come along. I'll get you a lodging."

"Thank'ee. Oh, what a delicate pickle I'm in!"

Who that has ever seen Johnston's "MILITIA MUSTER" will not shake his sides at the application of the following dialogue to the characters? —For though the *"gentlemen sogers"* are not *"labelled,"* no difficulty will be found in assigning to each his proper part.

A MILITIA TRAINING.

"Tention the hull! shoulder as you were!"

'I say, Capting, Mike's priming his firelock with brandy.'

"Why Deacon Michael Bigelow, an't you ashamed to do sich a thing arter signin a temperance paper. I'll report you to the Court Martial.

"You without bagonets on your corn-stalks stand back in the rear rank.—Trail arms!"

'Capting, why the dickens don't you put the ranks further apart?—that are chap's bagonet stuck right straight into Jim's trowsers, and I rather guess he wont set down quite so slick as he used to.'

'I say, Mister, don't blow your backer smoke into my face.'

'Why, darn it, how could I help it; this here feller shoulderin his firelock stuck his bagonet right straight through the rim of my beaver, and I rather guess as how any on ye would jerk your head a leetle one side, smoke or no smoke.'

'Mister, hand me down my hat.'

'Can't do it; wait till the capting tells us to order arms; won't bring down my firelock without orders if your head was on top on't.'

"That's right, Joe, rale soger I tell ye—only arter this shoulder your firelock perpendiciler.—John, you've got a firelock, what made you bring your umbrel?"

'Why, Capting, the wind was due east, and I heard the turkies screechin, so I knew we'd have a shower.'

"Tom, what are you bawlin about?"

'Why, Capting, Jim Lummis has smashed my toe with the butt of his gun, and rather guess it's a 36 pounder, for it's tarnashun heavy.'

"Jim Lummis, jist have the perliteness to take your gun off Tom's toe, and look out how you smash arter this."

'Capting, I say, here is an engagement, or rather an attack on the right flank.'

"Why, Leftenant, you don't say so!—what is't?"

'Why, Parks Lummis and George King fighting like blazes.'

"Well, make a ring arter parade, and see fair play; only tell them to stop till we git done sogerin.—I say, Leftenant, what made you put fat Arthur in the front rank?"

'Kaze as how, Capting, he's so tarnal switchel bellied he'll keep the ranks in open order. I rather guess if he should ever be promoted to Major, he'll look like a sack of salt on horseback. If we should go to battle and all be killed but him, he wouldn't be the *skilleton* of the regiment.'

"Cubed Skinflint, you go on the right of the company."

'What for, Capting?'

'Kaze as how the tallest men always do; you are as long as the Grand Canawl, and split up like a two-foot rule.' Now I tell you if you don't go right off, we'll make a lightnin rod of ye."

'Capting, I say, it's arter sun-down, and I rather guess I needn't stay any longer 'cordin to law.'

"Well, I'm agreed. Now get into a straight line as quick as greased lightnin. Right face! Dismissed!"

The Troy Budget says:—A few of the good people of our city have recently been duped by an impostor, who called his name William Hart. He pretended *to be* an English Lieutenant, enjoying half pay, &c. and to *have been* very eminent as a writer for certain leading political journals in London. Professing to some people to be an Episcopalian Clergyman, we are informed that upon invitation he delivered a lecture one week-day evening, in St. John's church in this city. Having wormed himself into the confidence of several unsuspecting individuals, he borrowed $25 to go to New-York to get his semi-annual payment and departed; since which he has not been heard from. Now he is gone, sundry sufferers in his behalf have appeared; such as tailors, hatters, wine dealers, &c. &c.

He is about 5 feet 7 inches high, stout built, and of a dark complexion, and had with him a little girl five or six years old, which he called his daughter.

With regard to the steamboat affair, about which there has been so much exaggeration, the Standard publishes the following letter from the captain of the Steamboat Warrior, to his brother in this city, and justly remarks, that this amphibious battle, between *mounted* Indians and a steamboat's crew, has not been better described than in his hasty and familiar epistle:

"PRAIRIE DU CHIEN, Aug. 3, 1832.

"Dear Samuel:—I arrived at this place on Monday last, and was despatched with the Warrior alone, to Wa-pa-Shaws village, 120 miles above, to inform them of the approach of the Sacs, and to order down all the friendly Indians to this place. On our way down we met one of the Sioux band, who informed us that the Indians (our enemies) were on Bad-Axe River, to the number of 400. We stopped and cut some wood and prepared for action. About four o'clock on Wednesday afternoon we found the *gentlemen* where he stated he had left them. As we neared them they raised a white flag and endeavored to decoy us; but we were a little too old for them, for instead of landing, we ordered them to send a boat on board, which they declined. After about 15 minutes delay, giving them time to remove a few of their women and children, we let slip a six pounder loaded with canister, followed by a severe fire of musketry, and if ever you saw straight blankets, you would have seen them there. I fought them at anchor the most of the time, and we were all very much exposed. I have a ball which came in close by where I was standing, and passed through the bulkhead of the wheel-room. We fought them for about an hour or more, until our wood began to fail, and night coming on, we left and went on to the Prairie. This little fight cost them 23 killed, and of course a great many wounded. We never lost a man, and had but one man wounded, (a shot through the leg.) The next morning, before we could get back again, on account of a heavy fog, they had the whole army upon them. We found them at it, walked in and took a hand ourselves. The first shot from the Warrior laid out 3. I can hardly tell you any thing about it, for I am in great haste, as I am now on my way to the field again. The army lost 8 or 9 killed, and 17 wounded, whom we brought down. One died on deck last night. We brought down 36 prisoners, women and children. I tell you what, Sam, there is no fun in fighting Indians, particularly at this season, when the grass is so bright. Every man, and even my cabin boy, fought well. We had 16 regulars, 5 riflemen, and 20 of ourselves. Mr. Howe, of Platt, Mr. Hempstead, Souilard and one of the Ralettes were with us, and fought well. There was no small whizzing of bullets. Boulette was on watch at the engine, De Butts with a "gumbo" at the wheel, and little George alongside of me plying a musket like a man.

Yours affectionately, J. T."

EDITORIAL DUEL.—On a letter from Greenville is endorsed by the Post Master, that a duel had been that day, the 16th, fought between Messrs. Perry, of the *Mountaineer*, and Bynum, of the *Sentinel*. Perry was shot through the breast of the coat, but not hurt. Bynum was shot in the hip, but not considered dangerously wounded.—*Charleston E. Post.*

A COBBLER'S SIGN.—"Thomas Nicol, operator in ordinary, and extraordinary translator of souls —uniter of the disunited, restorer of union and harmony, though of ever so long and wide a separation.

"N. B. He gives advice gratis, even in most desperate cases."

☞ Beware of counterfeit $2 bills on the Manhattan Bank, they are excellently executed in every respect.

CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.

ALBANY, Wednesday, Aug. 29, 1832.

Gentlemen:—Having observed a challenge in your last paper, from the owners of the horse called SWEET BRIER, to run 80 rods against any horse in the world, this is to inform them that they can be accommodated, from $100 to $500, to run 60 or 80 rods on the Troy Road—to carry "catch weight." JAMES MEEKS,

493 S. Market-st.

Messrs. WM. T. PORTER & Co.

RACING BY DIFFERENT NATIONS.

The amusement of Horse Racing, certainly the most useful and exhilirating of modern Field Sports, is of great antiquity. It was introduced into England in very early times;—indeed, there is reason to believe that it was among the pastimes of the Saxons, as Hugh Capet sent several *running horses* as a present to an English Princess, the sister of Athelstan. Fitzstephen mentions horse-racing as a favorite diversion with the citizens of London; and in the middle ages there were certain seasons of the year which the nobility devoted to the indulgence of this glorious sport.

In the reign of Elizabeth, race horses were prized on account of their breed; and the sport was carried to such an excess as to injure the fortunes of many of the nobility. Private matches, in which the gentlemen were their own jockeys, were then very common. In the reign of James I. public races were established in many parts of the kingdom; and it appears that the discipline and modes of preparing the horses upon such occasions, were much the same as are practised in the present day. In the latter part of the reign of Charles I. races were held in Hyde Park and at Newmarket. After the restoration, horse-racing was revived and much encouraged by Charles II. who frequently honored the pastime with his presence; and when he resided at Windsor, appointed races at Datchet Mead for his own amusement. Newmarket, however, soon became the principal place, where the king entered horses and ran them in his own name, and established a house for his better accommodation.

In the horse-races in ITALY, the horses run without riders; and to urge them on, little balls with sharp points in them are hung to their sides, which, when the horse is employed in the race, act like spurs; they have also pieces of tinfoil fastened behind them, which, as the animals run, make a loud, rustling noise, and frighten them forward. A gun is fired when they start, that preparations may be made to receive them at the other end; when they have run half way another gun is fired, and a third when they arrive at the goal. To ascertain without dispute which horse wins the race, a thread is stretched across the winning-post, dipped in red lead, which the victor breaking, it leaves a red mark on his chest, and this mark is decisive. To guard the course, a great number of soldiers under arms are ranged on each side from one end of it to the other.

In PERSIA, horse-racing has always been deemed an amusement worthy of the particular patronage of the king; and there are annual races, not only in the capital, but in all the principal cities of the kingdom. The distance they have to run is according to the age of the horses; but it is seldom less than seven miles, or more than twenty-one. The object of these races is not so much to try the speed as the strength of the horses, and to discover those that can be depended on for long and rapid marches. The horses are always rode by boys between the ages of twelve and fourteen. Mares never run at the races in Persia, nor are they used in that country for military purposes.

TREATMENT OF THE HORSE.

M. BARBEQUINS, the ambassador to Constantinople in the 17th century, gives such an account of the kind treatment and attention extended by the Mahometans to their horses, that our grooms and their masters, may learn from them a lesson of wisdom and humanity. We gather the following hints from the Library of Entertaining Knowledge.

The truly benevolent writer says, "there is no creature so gentle as a Turkish (Arabian) horse, nor more respectful to his master or the groom that dresses him. The reason is, because they treat their horses with great lenity. This makes them great lovers of mankind; and they are so far from kicking, wincing or growing untractable by this gentle usage, that you will hardly find a masterless horse amongst them. But alas! our Christian groom's horses go on at another rate! They never think them rightly curried till they thunder at them with their voices, and let their clubs or horse-whips, as it were, dwell on their sides. This makes some horses tremble when their keepers come into the stable—so that they hate and fear them too. But the Turks love to have their horses so gentle, that, at the word of command, they may fall on their knees and in this position receive their riders.

They will take up a staff or club upon the road with their teeth which their rider has let fall, and hold it up to him again. I saw some horses when their master was fallen from the saddle, stand stock still without wagging a foot till he got up again. Once I saw some horses, when their master was at dinner with me, prick up their ears to hear his voice, and when they did so, they neighed for joy."

We have several "whips" in our eye, who would do well to at least make the trial of a little more gentleness,—when we can assure them, no animal, not even the dog, better appreciates, nor is half so deserving the attention.

BURCKHARDT, in speaking of the horses in Egypt, gives the subjoined strange mode of curing a vicious horse. He says, "I have seen vicious horses in Egypt cured of the habit of biting, by presenting to them, while in the act of doing so, a leg of mutton just taken from the fire; the pain which a horse feels in biting through the hot meat, causes it, after a few lessons, to abandon the vicious habit."

THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH.—The groom of the late Duke of Queensberry, who won the famous match with the celebrated "Eleanor," was an especial favorite with his Grace. Hearing, when at a great distance from the spot, that his faithful servant was on the point of death, and had expressed an earnest desire to speak a few words with his master before he departed for ever, the Duke proceeded, post haste, to the place where he lay. On being shown into the room, the great man approached the bed, and, gently drawing the curtains, looked silently upon the countenance now glazing under the first touch of death. The patient turned with difficulty round, and his pale face brightened for a moment, as he caught his master's eye.—"Ah! my lord," sobbed forth the dying man, "ah! my lord—you remember El-e-a-nor?"—"To be sure, John," assented the Duke.—"Ah!" continued the groom,—"*warn't she a rum 'un!*"—and died!—*Ib.*

Melton Mowbray generally contains from two to three hundred hunters, the average number being ten to each sportsman residing there, although some of those who ride heavy and rejoice in long purses, have from fifteen to twenty for their own use. The stud of the Earl of Plymouth has for many years exceeded the last mentioned number. It may seem strange that one man should, under any circumstances, need so large a number of horses solely for his own personal use in the field. In Leicestershire, however, the universal practice is for each sportsmen to have at least two hunters in the field on the same day, a practice found to be economical, as it is from exhaustion, the effect of long continued severe work, that the health of horses is much injured; and when it is also borne in mind that hounds are to be reached from Melton every day in the week, that one horse out of six in every man's stud, is, upon an average, lame or altogether unfit for work, and that a horse should always have five days rest after a moderate, and at least seven or eight after a severe run with the hounds, it will seem not surprising that ten or twelve hunters should be deemed an indispensable stud for a regular Leicestershire sportsmen. The sum total of expences attending a stud of 12 hunters at Melton, including every outgoing, is, as nearly as it can be estimated, one thousand pounds per annum. In all stables the outlay for the purchase of horses is great; at least 200 guineas each hunter; and in some, the annual amount of wear and tear of horse flesh is considerable.—*Quarterly Review.*

INCONVENIENT HASTE.—A costermonger, meeting one of his own fraternity, whose pony might be considered as a sort of *equine* living skeleton, remonstrated with the owner for not "blowing out the hanimal's hide," as he elegantly termed it, and asked him if he never fed him.—"Never feed him! my eyes, but that's a good 'un," was the reply; "why he's got a bushel and a half of oats at home now, *only he arn't got no time to eat them.*"—[The Original.

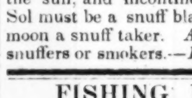
HEWLETT, THE PAWNEE BRAVE, we learn from a late London paper, has entered into an arrangement with Davidge, to play at the Coburg for three nights, commencing on Wednesday with Brutus, and following it up on the succeeding nights with Richard the Third and Othello.

"RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH."—The Philadelphia Gazette says, among the singular circumstances which we have seen recorded as connected with the cholera, we may mention the following, which we have received from the most unquestionable authority. We copy it from a letter before us, dated Princeton, N. J., August 24. We present the initials, but omit the full names of the parties. "Dr. S——r, of Pennington, was seized with the cholera on Monday last, and on Tuesday, *when in a collapsed state*, he was MARRIED to Miss W——g, to whom he had been engaged for some time past, in order that she might inherit his property."

QUÆREASTRONOMICAL.—Are not the spots seen in the sun, lumps of Lorrilard or bladders of macaboy?—*Facts*:—People hold their noses up to the sun, and incontinently *sneeze! Corollary.* Sol must be a snuff bladder and the man in the moon a snuff taker. *Analogy*:—All lunatics are snuffers or smokers.—*Bos. M. Post.*

FISHING EXCURSION,

For the Fishing Banks off Sandy Hook, on Tuesday, Sept. 4th.



THE new and elegant low pressure steamboat DAVID BROWN, Capt. Jas. Pennoyer, will leave East River Steamboat Place, foot of Beekman-street, Tuesday morning, Sept. 4th, at 8 o'clock, for the Fishing Banks, off Sandy Hook—remaining upon the Banks sufficient time to give passengers every opportunity of fishing—returning to the city early in the afternoon. Passengers will find their own tackle. Bait will be provided on board, gratis. A person well acquainted will be on board to put the boat upon the best fishing ground.

Fare each way, 50 cents—dinner on board.

For tickets apply to Jacob Corlies & Son, 28 Pearl-street; Geo. W. Browne, Auction Hotel, or at the office of the Howell Works Company, 261 Front-street.

N. B. Should the weather prove unfavorable, the Boat will leave on Thursday morning for the same excursion.

LANSING & MORSE,

ENGRAVERS ON WOOD,

175 BROADWAY,

s1 NEW YORK.

TO DENTISTS.

GOLD, Silver, Platina, and Tin Foils of superior quality, and warranted, are offered to the Dentists at the lowest prices, at the manufactory, No. 67 Watts street, by

s1 GEORGE S. WAITE.

PRINTS & STATIONERY.

TO PRINT DEALERS AND OTHERS.

CHEAP Fancy articles constantly to be had at ARMSTRONG'S, 205 Division street. A variety of English Landscapes and Scraps, on hand. Also, Songs, Dixon's Drolleries, Devil on Two Sticks, Shakspear's works, &c. &c.

Fine Lithographic Heads.

Louis Philip, General Lafayette, Don Pedro, and other well known persons, may be had colored in a superior style. All the different Presidents of the U. S., from General Washington to Jackson. Also, Henry Clay, Wm. Wirt, &c.

LITHOGRAPHY.

ENDICOTT & SWEET, Lithographers, Publishers and Printsellers, No. 111 Nassau street.

Orders for original designs and drawings, or copies of Portraits, Landscapes, Views of Buildings, Portraits from life of Horses, Dogs, and other animals.

Maps, Charts, Cards, Circulars, Transfers, or any thing connected with the above art, will meet with prompt personal attention.

A general assortment of colored and plain Lithographic Prints constantly on hand.

Neither trouble or expense have been spared to render our establishment complete, and we shall take pleasure at all times in shewing specimens of our *own work.*

New York, Sept. 1st, 1832.

WANTED,

TWO or three good Oystermen, they must understand the business. To such, steady employ and good wages will be given. None need apply without the best recommendation. Inquire at 497 Pearl st.

A MIDDLE-AGED woman for a housekeeper. She must produce the best of references as to character, capability. Apply at 497 Pearl st.

BY a young man 25 years of age, a situation in some respectable House. He is acquainted with book-keeping, the grocery business, and the general duties of a clerk—would have no objection to go to a Southern or Western Port, respectable references given. Please address Z. Y. Z. 497 Pearl st., or apply personally.

A LAD, 15 or 18 years of age, to tend. He must produce the best of recommendations. Inquire at 497 Pearl-st.

TO CAPTAINS OF VESSELS.

A YOUNG man wishes a situation as steward on board of a vessel—not particular what port she is bound to. Inquire at 497 Pearl-st. Sept. 1.

TO SPORTSMEN.

To all Sportsmen feeling interested in the superiority and fleetness of the Blood Horse.

GENTLEMEN:—We, the proprietors of a Horse called SWEET BRIER, bred in Madison County, sired by the famous horse Moonshine, bred by Gen. Coles, Long Island, his dam by the well known imported horse old Magnum Bonum, his color a bright bay, full sixteen hands high, five years old, his form and figure rarely equalled in the blood horse; his lofty air and superior action are inexcellable, his stock is of the highest grade, which alone would rank him a blazing star among his competitors; but there are not all the qualifications with which this wonderful animal is possessed. We have abundant confidence that his gallant strides cannot be overtaken in a single quarter by any horse on the Continent. The sincerity of this opinion we pledge ourselves to support within the bounds of our property.

This noble animal we now offer for sale for the sum of $3000, warranted to outrun any horse that can be produced, or no sale. The proprietors also pledge themselves to hazard five hundred dollars for testing his speed, 80 rods, against any horse, mare, or gelding, in the known world, carrying 112 lbs or Catch riders, after having due notice. The contesting horse must meet Sweet Briar on the Sullivan race course in Madison County. GEORGE EHLE.

JACOB LOWER.

Chittenango, Madison Co., N. Y. Aug. 20, 1832.

N. B. SWEET BRIER, like Alexander the Great, stamps the earth in rage, neighing for a Competitor.

ELIZABETHTOWN RACES.

THE Fall Races over the New Course, at this place, will commence on Tuesday the 11th day of September next, and continue four days.

First day, two rounds and repeat for $100. Ten dollars entrance.

Second day, three rounds and repeat for $150. Fifteen dollars entrance.

Third day, four rounds and repeat for $200. Twenty dollars entrance.

Fourth day, proprietor's purse, $75. Entrance $7 50.

Non-subscribers to pay double entrance, and no horse to start until entrance money is paid. Four horses or more to be started. No horse to be entered without satisfactory evidence of the age, unless allowed as an aged horse. No two riders from the same stable allowed to ride in the same race. Riders shall not be permitted to ride unless well dressed in jockey style, to wit:—Jockey cap, silk jacket, pantaloons and half boots—weight, &c. to be regulated by the rules of the Baltimore Central Course.

Price of admission—For each 4 wheeled carriage, 75 cents. Gig or cart 50 cents. Each horseman 25, and every footman 12 1-2 cents each.

A sweepstake for colts, 3 years old, will be opened to be run for the second day—four or more to be entered. Entrance, twenty-five dollars, two rounds and repeat, and closes the day previous to the race. The proprietor pledges himself to have the track in complete order, and every necessary convenience furnished.

The track is exactly three quarters of a mile round; in the centre is a beautiful oak grove, from which the whole may be seen. In firmness of soil this course is surpassed by none in the country—the finest sport may be confidently expected; at least the fairest opportunity will be given for Aunt Rachel, Ball, Hornet, Mag Ramsay, Cherokee, Ishmael, and other fine horses, to prove their speed and bottom. Good officers shall be appointed to conduct the races, and no gambling permitted on the ground.

GARRISON JONES, *Proprietor.*

Elizabethtown Flats, of Grave Creek,
Ohio county, Va., June 23, 1832.

☞ The subscriber is also prepared to receive and train horses. Terms, one dollar per day, and every necessary attention paid. G. J.

VALLEY COURSE RACES.

NEAR HARPER'S FERRY,

WILL commence on Wednesday, the 19th of September.

First day, a poststake, one mile heats, for three year old colts that have never turned a pole for money. Fifty dollars entrance, p.p., the proprietor to add $100. Entries to be made with Samuel Strider, by the 1st of September.

Second day, a purse of $100, two mile heats; free for any nag carrying weights according to the rules of the present Jockey Club.

Third day, a purse of $75, one mile heats, three best in five, free as above.

Those who enter horses must pay at the rate of ten per cent. entrance.

JACOB FOUKE, *Proprietor.*

LOUISVILLE FALL RACES.

THE Louisville Agricultural Society having been dissolved last fall, a new joint stock company has since been formed, under the name of the "Louisville Association," for the improvement of the breed of horses. The company consists of seventy-five stockholders, each holding one share of $100. A beautiful track of land has been purchased on the Salt river road, one and a half miles from the city of Louisville, on which a running track has been laid off, thirty feet in width and precisely a mile in length, enclosed by a close plank fence eight feet in height, and having a light railing extended round the whole of the inner circuit.

The first fall meeting of the Association will commence on the third Tuesday of October, (23d) and continue five days.

First day, a sweepstakes, one mile heats, $50 entrance; free for any thing.

Second day, Association purse, $600, four mile heats.

Third day, Association purse, $200, two mile heats.

Fourth day, Association purse, $100, three mile heats.

Fifth day, the Association will give a piece of plate of the value of $100, which, with the entrance money, will be run for, one mile heats, best three in five.

To increase the sports of the meeting, there will be on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, a second race, for purses to be given by the Association; the amount of which, and the distance to be run, will be declared by the Trustees the evening previous. On Tuesday, it is expected, the interesting match race, between the well known Virginia horse, Waxey, and the favorite Kentucky horse, Woodpecker, will be run over the Association course, a single four miles, for $1000 aside. JOHN POE, *Secretary.*

THREE RIVERS RACES.

TO TAKE PLACE EARLY IN SEPTEMBER.

ON the last day of the Meeting, there will be run for, a Silver Cup, value twenty-five sovereigns, the gift of His Excellency Lord Aylmer, Governor in Chief, open to all horses bred in the Province of Lower Canada, that never won a match, plate, or sweepstakes, two mile heats, weights, 3 years old, 8st 7lb.; 4 years old 9st 4lb; 5 years old and upwards, 10st—mares and geldings to be allowed 3 lb. Entrance dollars.

No race except three horses start. The winner to be excluded from starting for the cup given by His Excellency, at any future period.

First day, a purse of —— Sovereigns, open to all horses bred in the District, that never won any match, plate or sweepstakes, heats one mile and a distance, weights for age.—Entrance —— dollars; the winner, if entered for the Governor's cup, to carry 3lb. extra.

The Three River Stakes, of —— pounds, open to all horses; entrance —— dollars, two mile heats. Weight for age.

The ladies' purse, of —— pounds, heats one mile and a distance, weights 10 stone—gentlemen riders.

Further particulars will be given in due time.

J. DICKSON, *Secretary.*

Three Rivers, 25th July, 1832.

FALL RACES,

OVER THE UNION COURSE, LONG ISLAND.

THE Fall Races over this Course will take place the first week of October next. The purses will be run for on the second, third, and fourth days of said month—heats of three, two, and four miles. The amount of each, with particulars, will be given in a future advertisement.

In addition to which the following stakes (three of which yet remain open) will be contended for:

Poststake, all ages, $1000 each, p. p. four mile heats; to come off Monday, October 1st, and to close on the 10th of September next—three entries or no race. Three year olds 90 lbs.; four years 104 lbs.; five years 114 lbs.; six years 121 lbs.; aged 126 126 lbs.: 3 lbs. allowed to mares and geldings.

Sweepstakes, for three year olds, 200 dollars each, half forfeit, mile heats—colts 90 lbs.; fillies 87 lbs.: 3 lbs. allowed to mares and geldings—to come off on the 2d of October, and to close Sept. 10th. Three subscribers or no race.

Sweepstakes, for three year olds, 150 dollars each, 50 dollars forfeit, mile heats; colts 90 lbs; fillies 87 lbs: 3 lbs. allowed to mares and geldings—to come off Oct. 3d; five subscribers; closed June 1st, 1832.

Sweepstakes, all ages, 300 dollars each, half forfeit, two mile heats; to carry weight as in the poststakes above: to come off October 4th, and to close on the 10th of September next: three entries or no race.

Gentlemen who wish to subscribe to either of the above stakes which yet remain open, will please to signify the same in person, or by letter addressed to the undersigned.

C. R. COLDEN, *Clerk of the Course.*

Union Course, Jamaica, N. Y.

DUTCHESS CO. RACES.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

THE Fall Races over the Dutchess County Course will commence on Tuesday, October 2d, and continue three days.

First day, at 12 o'clock, sweepstakes for three year old colts, two miles out, for 300 dollars each, 100 dollars forfeit; six subscribers.

At 2 o'clock, two mile heats, purse 200 dollars.

Second day, at 12 o'clock, one mile heats, purse 100 dollars, free for any colt, three years old or under, bred in the counties of Dutchess or Columbia.

At 2 o'clock, three mile heats, purse 300 dolls.

Third day, at 2 o'clock, four mile heats, purse 500 dollars.

Poughkeepsie, July 9, 1832.

JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

LANCASTER, PA.

THE Fall Races for 1832, over the Hamilton Course (near Lancaster) will commence on Tuesday, the 18th day of September, and continue four days.

First day, a sweepstakes, mile heats, for three year olds, 100 dollars entrance, half forfeit: to close on the first day of September.

Same day, a purse of 100 dollars, mile heats: entrance 25 dollars, to be added to the purse. One horse must win three heats to be entitled to this day's purse.

Second day, two mile heats, purse 200 dollars.

Third day, three mile heats, purse 300 dollars.

Fourth day, four mile heats, purse 500 dollars.

The above purses are free for all horses carrying weight agreeably to the rules of the course.—All entries for the above *colt's* race must be made with EDWARD PARKER,

June 25th, 1832. Treasurer.

CENTRAL COURSE.

The following Stakes are now open, to be run for over the Central Course.—BALTIMORE, June 1, 1832.

CHATEAU MARGAUX STAKES. A post sweepstakes will be run for on the 2d day of the next fall meeting, 2 miles out. Entrance $300, p. p. Each gentleman over twenty-one years of age to ride his own horse. Four or more to make a race. The winner to pay six dozen of Chateau Margaux wine to the club. To close the first day of August. To this there are already eight subscribers.

2. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three years old, bred and owned in the state of Maryland and District of Columbia, two mile heats.—Entrance $100, h. f: to run first day of fall meeting, 1832. Four or more to make a race. To close and name 1st of October.

3. A post sweepstakes for next fall, free for all ages, four mile heats. Entrance $500, p. p.—the proprietor to add $1,000; four or more to make a race. To close 1st of October. Subscribers, Jno. C. Stevens, Wm. R. Johnson, J. M. Selden.

4. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three years old, to run next fall meeting, two mile heats. Entrance $200, h. f; four or more to make a race. To close 1st of September.

5. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three years old, (that have never won a race,) to run next fall meeting, two mile heats. Entrance $200, h. f: four or more to make a race. To close 1st of October.

CUSICK'S RACE COURSE

NEAR BRIDGEPORT, OHIO.

FOUR Days racing, commencing on Tuesday 2d day of October next.

First day a purse of $50 two rounds and repeat. Entrance $5.

Second day, a purse of $75, three rounds and repeat. Entrance $7 50.

Third day a purse of $100 four rounds and repeat. Entrance $10.

Fourth day a handycap purse of $30 to be run for, the three best in five. Entrance $3.

The racing will be agreeable to the rules of Jones track Elizabethtown (Grave creek.) The proprietor pledges himself to have the track in complete order.

JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

SAVANNAH, GA.

A SWEEPSTAKE for Colt's two years old, (reckoning from May-day)—2 mile heats—entrance $200 p. p. will be run for the day preceding the next regular races, which will take place during the last week in January next. Entries to be made with the Secretary any time before the 1st of December next, at which time the Book will be closed.

A Colt is already entered.

RICHARD D. ARNOLD, *Sec'y.*

MILLEDGEVILLE RACES.

THE Fall Meeting of the Milledgeville (Geo.) Jockey Club, will commence on Tuesday, the 16th of October.

First day, a sweepstake, free for any horse, one mile heats; entrance $25.

Second day, colts' race, free for any colt that has not won a race; entrance $30.

Third day, three mile heats, free for any horse; entrance $25.

Fourth day, one mile heats, three best in five, free for any horse; entrance $20.

R. H. SMITH, *Secretary and Treasurer.*

RACING.

THE annual racings of the Washington Jockey club will commence on Wednesday, the 19th of September, and continue four days. Purse respectable.

JOHN W. ANDERSON, *Secretary.*

Washington, Ky., Aug. 6th, 1832.

TO SPORTSMEN

OF TENNESSEE AND KENTUCKY.

NOTICE is hereby given to the sportsmen of each of the above named States, that the subscriber has opened a RACE TRACK at Columbia, Adair county, Ky., which is said to be, by persons who are experienced in the business of racing, and who have had frequent opportunities of judging, not inferior, but rather superior, to any track now in either of the States. If the Lexingtonians and Nashvillians, they whom it is believed, own and run the best horses in their respective States, wish to contend with each other and meet upon half way ground, the Columbia Turf is the place. If any number of men with their horses, wish to be accommodated, when they come to Columbia, to the races or on other business, they can call on the subscriber.—He occupies the large and commodious brick building, formerly occupied as a Tavern by John Graham, and has supplied himself amply with every thing necessary for the entertainment of travellers.

m 61 JAMES MOORE.

The Casket.

"A nosegay of culled flowers, with nothing of our own but the thread that ties them."

From Bell's Life in London.

THE FELON'S MEDITATION.

"It was not too much to believe that there were many whom the apprehension of dissection after death would prevent from the commission of a felony."—Lord Wynford's Speech on the Anatomy Bill.

Before I break into old Stubbs's shop
And carry off whate'er I lay my fist on,
Will 't not be prudent in my couree to stop,
And all objections to the plan insist on ?

What if I'm taken ?—there's an ugly job ;
I shall be hang'd, that's clear—an awkward thing ;
But if 'tis natural in man to rob,
'Tis natural enough that he should swing.

'Tis pleasant round the neck the knot to tie,
'Tis pleasant, sure, to dangle in the air,
But oh ! if, when I've breath'd my latest sigh,
My lifeless limbs to Surgeon's Hall repair !

Tremendous thought ! mere hanging is a joke,
A hempen neckcloth to a willing throttle ;
But in these bowels a rude knife to poke,
Or these intestines thrust into a bottle !

Oh ! 'tis too much to bear—I can't endure it,
The dreadful fancy has o'ercome me quite :—
My fingering folly I must strive to cure it,
And for this once be honest—Stubbs, good night.

SCHOOLMASTER AT HOME.

MRS. TROLLOPE'S JOURNAL.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

American bragging—Breakfast on board the steamboat on the Hudson river—English girl—Brutality of the captain—Anecdote—Results of a republican government—Distinguished American females—Mrs. Anne Royal—Spoken language—Leading men—Colonel Nimrod Wildfire—Dinner party.

Every American is a Braggadocia. He is always boasting. He straddles before a fire, and boasts of his furniture. He pulls his long-napped hat down over his eyes, and mounts a horse, which he swears, with a shocking oath, is the fleetest in the country. Their mountains are the highest, their rivers the longest, themselves the bravest of any on the globe. Hear them talk of their Liverpool packets, and you would expect to see something superfine. I went on board of one. It might be decent, but—I belong to another parish. I remember to have been once asked by one of them, after the lightning had shivered and set on fire an immense oak, with a peal that stunned and terrified me, whether we "poor miserable English folks had as good thunder as that?" Among all their boastings, however, the Hudson river scenery receives the greatest share. During our visit to New York, we therefore resolved to make an excursion as far as West Point; a place famous in their history for—something or other, heaven only knows what. In obedience to our plan, we embarked on board the Albany steamboat about five o'clock. The vessel would have been elegant but for its uncouth size, and the profusion of ornaments in the cabin; but the dreadful jolting of the machinery gave me a headache. Breakfast was served up at seven, to nearly seven hundred passengers, all at two tables. The scene is but inadequately represented by the accompanying sketch, by the respectable Monsieur De Kickshaw. Sausages, buckwheat cakes, pumpkin pies, mush and milk, pork and molasses, watermelons, raw hung-beef, Carolina potatoes, tomatos, johnny-cake, dough-cake, krullers, cucumbers and other dissimilar articles, were piled up indiscriminately together; and the scene that ensued, on the ringing of the bell, baffles all power of words to describe. The crowd acted like so many wild ravenous beasts let loose—a flock of ferocious and half-starved wolves, for instance, admitted to a sheep-fold. They pushed and pulled, kicked and cuffed, spit, cursed, and swore with a true American enthusiasm. Generally speaking, as a nation, they are cold as marble. Nothing moves them but their meals. Indeed I rather admired the zeal which now inspired every bosom. It reminded me of my own beloved countrymen, those sturdy and manly fellows who pelt their rulers with mud and stones, pull castles down about their owners' ears, destroy factories, and other little capricious displays of heroic character. The din grew louder as they were all seated, and "waiter, coffee," "waiter, black tea," "waiter, *sausages*," and "waiter, pork," resounded in more tones of emphatic eagerness than I thought existed in the gradations of sound. While laughing at the scene I overturned a dish of gravy in my lap. The waiter smiled at my distress, paying me no more respect than was due to an ordinary democrat. A tall, sweet, petted girl, however, as beautiful and as modest as a rosebud, rendered me her assistance, with a civility and grace quite surprising. The riddle was unravelled, however, by a coarse female opposite, a great belle of Boston, I was told, who accosted her with,

"I calculate, you'd better not eat up all them *sassages*, Mistress Tlingumbob. I reckon you must be English, I guess ?"

"I begin to *reckon* so myself," said I smiling.

"You are right," said the sweet stranger to me, in a low, guarded voice; "I was born in a house *one inch* beyond the Canada line. But we shall be very rudely treated if this be discovered. Pray, pray do not betray me."

I promised I would not; and I afterwards, in repeated conversations, was struck with the difference which even an *inch* of ground may make in one's domestic manners.

For my own part, I rose from the table, resolved to enjoy a quiet breakfast on deck, and accordingly ordered it there; but I was interrupted in my commands by the captain.

"Are you ill ?" inquired he.

"Not in the least," replied I. "I am an English lady, deeply disgusted with the domestic manners of the Americans, with whom I am determined not to associate."

He rejoined that "the regulations of his boat precluded the possibility of indulging me in my wishes," and then walked away, so that I actually got no breakfast at all, though I had paid for it already. And this is "happy America." This is *freedom*. These are the boasted institutions of the "greatest republic on the globe." Until now I confess I had a lurking partiality for liberty, but I was cured forever, and became a stanch tory from that instant. I wish the blind friends of "reform" in Great Britain no worse punishment than a democratic breakfast on board an American steamboat.

The river scenery here is certainly beautiful enough to be in possession of a civilized people. I landed at West Point, and took lodgings at the hotel. Here we met *****

I must relate an anecdote now, to illustrate the repulsive character of these sons of democracy, and the total insufficiency of a republican form of government to make a people happy. It may also put this "I'm-as-good-as-you-population," in a just light. It occurred among the highlands. For a week the poor little drenched earth had been deluged with such torrents of rain as must have foundered Noah's ark itself. At length the sky, all of a sudden, shone forth unobscured. As the heavens cleared away I sallied forth for a walk, accompanied by my family. After a long perambulation we mounted a hill, at the base of which flowed a limpid stream, bubbling coolly along by the fantastic old roots, that lay twisted and covered with moss, by its margin—

"Beneath the oak, whose antique root peeped out
Upon the brook that brawls along the wood."

All were fatigued with our exertions, and beholding the trunk of a gigantic fallen tree, with one impulse we sprang forward to sit down. My momentary crime in forgetting that the land I trod was a foreign one, was, however, speedily atoned for. The seat we had selected, proved to be only a mass of decayed wood, which gave way at our touch. Losing our balance, away we rolled, one after the other, down the slippery hill, and souse into the pond. Dripping with mud and water, tired of our walk, and disgusted with the country, we returned home perhaps a little out of humor, and glad to enjoy the luxury of clean dresses and a good supper.

As a specimen of the literati of the Americans, I became acquainted with one of their *first* female writers. She appears to be more read, and to possess a stronger influence over both sexes, indeed, than any other author without exception. My first interview with her was on board the steamboat. I was addressed by a vagabond looking female quite advanced in life, arrayed in a filthy black dress, and little ridiculous silk hat of the same color. She slapped me on the shoulder, and exclaimed with a real American brogue, "how do ye do, I guess ?" This was their great Mrs. Anne Royal. She is, however, a clever writer, and author of some productions highly appreciated. The Black Book, a lively work, ranks high among native productions. It is so seldom that women step out from the lethean oblivion to which the American system of education consigns them, that this lady's literary genius has occasioned a sensation almost startling.

I am told on the *best* authority, that her appearance in any of the court rooms, legislative halls, or even in the senate chamber, is succeeded by an instantaneous bustle among the crowd, who take down their feet from the tables, chair-backs, &c. pull off their hats, put on their coats, emit their nauseous saliva obliquely when her back is turned, and very much resemble a set of disorderly schoolboys on the unexpected entrance of their master. For my part, I believe the country to be greatly benefited by the influence of so peculiar an intellect, although it is somewhat obscured by *Americanisms*.

The language spoken by this people is the oddest jumble in the world, and yet it pervades the very highest circles. They have their own peculiar modes of expression, of which certainly I think nobody would wish to deprive them. For instance, when a lady (I now speak of their very *elite*) wishes to say, "we are quite a social party;" she invariably tells you instead, "*we'm pooty slick !*" When they admire an object warmly, "it is not so slow," or, it is "awful nice." A *leading* editor observed to me, that "Byron was a 'cute chap, and gave it to them ere *fellers* what abused him, just as tight as he could draw, and a *leetle* tighter." It is quite shocking to hear young blushing girls, just budding into womanhood, declare that they intend to "go the whole hog ;" meaning they will accomplish any thing entirely if possible. One of the most decidedly celebrated and popular men in America, is a gentleman of Kentucky, by the name of Wildfire. He seems about the same sort of person among the Yankees as our late gracious majesty in his early days was among us. Of course he holds a commission; and the name of Colonel Nimrod Wildfire is generally to be found in their newspapers, introduced by a fulsome puff, as "this distinguished citizen," or, "our illustrious countryman," &c. I looked upon him as a very happy specimen of the American gentleman, and one day took down from his lips a narration which he made at dinner. It is curious, but the same exaggerated style of speech and braggadocio air pervade all classes alike, except the limited number who have "traveled." Fancy the colonel with an American long napped hat, and an American table, in the midst of an American groupe, smoking an American cigar (an article—so great is their love of country—preferred here merely from its name, before those from the Havana) and with the true American whine and twang, amusing a select company of the first American ladies and gentlemen with this curious American story. As the reader by this time must be as tired of the colonel as I am, I shall let him close the chapter.

"I was ridin' along the Mississippi," said he, "in my wagon, when I come acrost a fellow floatin' down stream, settin' in the starn of his boat fast asleep! Well, I hadn't had a fight for ten days—*felt as tho' I should have to kiver myself up in a salt barrel to keep,*—so wolfy about the head and shoulders. So, says I, "hullow stranger! if you don't take keer, your boat will run away with you!" So he looked up at me slantindicler, and I looked down on him slantindicler; he took out a chor o' tobaccer, and, says he, 'I don't value you tantamount to *that!*' and then the varmint flapped his wings and crowed like a cock. I ris up, shook my mane, crooked my neck, and neighed like a horse. He run his boat plump head-foremost ashore. I stopped my wagon and sot my triggers. 'Mister,' says he, 'I can whip my weight in wild cats, and ride straight through a crab-apple orchard on a flash of lightning.—Clear meat-ax disposition—the best man, if I can't, I wish I may be tetotaciously exfluncted!' The two belligerents join issue, and the colonel went on to say—"He was a pretty severe colt, but no part of a priming to such a feller as me. *I put it to him mighty droll*—in ten minutes he yelled, Enough! and swore I was a ripstaver! Says I, '*An't I the yaller flower of the forest?* and I'm all brimstone but the head, and that's aquafortis! Says he, '*Stranger you're a beauty*, and if I only know'd your name, I'd vote for you next election.' Says I, 'my name is Nimrod Wildfire—half horse, half alligator, and a touch of the airthquake—that's got the prettiest sister, fastest horse, and ugliest dog in the district, and can outrun, outjump, throw down, drag out, and whip any man in all Kaintuck.'" So much for modern republics.

THE "UGLY VARMINT."

MONSIEUR TONSON COME AGAIN.—After so long an absence that we had begun to fear either that our old friend had found better fishing grounds elsewhere and so deserted us; or had perished of the gout or apoplexy brought on by high living while on his last visit, we are happy to announce to our readers that the veritable SEA SERPENT, the real Simon Pure, is back again in our waters. For a few days past there have been rumors among the inhabitants of Nahant, that this Lord of the Ocean had approached near enough to several of the fishermen while engaged in their daily avocations,—not to shake hands with them, reader, for that would have been beneath his dignity; but to give them a friendly and condescending nod, as much as to say, here I am once more, driving my small subjects by shoals up to your hooks and nets.

On Wednesday evening he was seen by several gentlemen off what is called Little Nahant, where, liking the accommodations, he probably slept, and on Friday morning sailed leisurely round the point on which the billiard room is situated, followed by the straining gaze of the visiters at the place, who examined with great curiosity—the length of his wake; for being a prudent fish, and knowing that it rained, he took good care not to expose himself to the shower.

For ourselves, happening to be in the neighborhood, and hearing the cry of "The Sea Serpent," we made the best of our way to the height from which he was said to be visible, and there we certainly saw the place where he might and ought in honor to have been, but where at that moment to the best of our belief he was not, unless indeed the aid of the microscope, is essential to his discovery.

In sober earnest, there can be no doubt that some very large marine animal is near our shores. Many during the last week had opportunities of seeing him, and described his length and appearance, in the same manner that the monster was described who visited us some years since.—*N. E. Galaxy.*

MADAME RESNIER.—She was the wife of a law officer at Versailles, whilst talking in the presence of a numerous party one day, she dropped some remarks which were out of place, though not very important. Her husband reprimanded her before the whole company. "Silence, Madam, you are a fool!" She lived 20 or 30 years afterwards, and never uttered a word, even to her children! A pretended theft was committed in her presence, in the hope of taking her by surprise, but without effect, and nothing could induce her to speak. When her consent was requisite for the marriage of any of her children, she bowed her head, and signified the contract.—*Madame Compans' Journal.*

CURING A HYPOCHONDRIAC.—A gentleman who had for a long time fancied himself dying of a liver complaint, was advised by Dr. Crawford, of Ohio. After travelling months, he returned home, apparently in good health: but, upon receiving the information of the death of a twin brother, who had actually died of a schirrhous liver, he immediately staggered, and falling down, cried out that he was dead, and had as he always expected died of a liver complaint. Dr. Crawford being sent for, immediately attended; and on being informed of the notion which had seized the hypochondriac, immediately exclaimed, "O yes, the gentleman is certainly dead, and it is more than probable his liver was the death of him. However, to ascertain the fact, I will hasten to cut him open before putrefaction takes place." He called for a carving-knife, and whetting it as a butcher would to open a dead calf, he stepped up to him, and began to open his waistcoat. The hypochondriac became so horribly frightened that he leaped up with the agility of a rabbit, and crying out 'Murder! Murder!' ran off with a speed that would have defied a score of doctors to catch him. After running a considerable distance, until he was almost exhausted, he halted; and not finding the doctor at his heels, soon became composed. From that period this gentleman was never known to complain of his liver; nor had he, for more than twenty years afterwards, any symptoms of this disease.

POWER OF IMAGINATION.—Whelpley, in his Triangle, on the authority of Erasmus, tells this story of seven men who went to take a ride one clear, fine day, with Poole.

As they were riding along the road, Poole, to make himself some sport, looked up into the heavens, and suddenly crossing himself in pretended surprise, declared he saw in the sky a monstrous dragon with fiery horns, and his tail turned up in a circle. They all, very much astonished at the declaration, looked up, but saw nothing. 'Cant you see it,' continued Poole, 'IT IS THERE! You must certainly be blind. Amazing! How terribly it looks. Don't you see it yet? Oh! I never saw such a sight in all my life before. You certainly must see it.' In short, after a while one, a little more credulous than the rest, said, I think I do see it. Yes, yes,—I see it plainly. At this, another fancied he saw it. And, says Erasmus, some, by force of imagination, others fearing they should be thought less sharp-sighted than the rest, confessed they saw it; and they soon all came in without a dissenting voice. The next day a particular account of the prodigy was published in the papers, authenticated by the testimony of six or seven credible men.

FALLS OF NIAGARA. A gentleman who has just returned from the falls of Niagara, describes to us the total absense of all visitors and strangers at that hitherto crowded scene of periodical migration. His party consisting of three, occupied the saloon where we were accustomed at this season of the year to meet three hundred of all nations and languages; and although no disease has as yet reached that salubrious section of the Province, our opposite neighbors seem to regard that, and every other portion of the Canadas, as the 'cage of every unclean bird,' and to shy all intercourse with us, in the spirit of the most alarming apprehension.

BRAVE FELLOWS.—A few nights ago, says the Albany Daily Advertiser, the watchmen in the Colonie, observed a man climb up on the back part of the stage going North; they followed on as fast as they could, till the stage had got beyond the north bounds of the city, when they heard a trunk fall, and saw the man get off and take the trunk over the fence. Instead of going to the place where the trunk was, they went on after the stage with a view of getting assistance, but the speed of the horses outstripped them. They were afraid as they say, of going to the spot at which they had seen the trunk deposited, lest pistols might be used against them, and they went back to the watch-house and made their report. Before the trunk was found, it had been broken open and rifled.

Among the fatal effects of the late MELTING weather may be enumerated the destruction of a beauty who used to attract the eyes of thousands to the shop window of Messrs. Gilbert and Son, hair dressers. Too great an exposure to the ardent sun, yesterday afternoon, caused her regular and expressive features to fall apart, and the lustre of a pair of beautiful black eyes to be dimmed with molten wax. One of her long and silky eyelashes with a portion of her ruby lip and a damask sheek, reposed on her snow-white bosom at one time, surrounded with nameless and indescribable masses of white and red; while the beautiful hair, dressed *a la Grecque* towered above the remains of her forehead, supported by an unseemly wooden stake.

ALGERINE THEATRE.—There is now in Algiers a theatre, in the style of Astley's, which is much frequented by the male natives, and also by the Moorish ladies. There will soon be a theatre in the open air, such as there is in Italy. It is very common to see in the same box at the circus European and Moorish beauties; the former dressed in the French style, the latter veiled. In turning to take refreshments they unveil, and when they are disposed to turn round again, the Europeans assist them to adjust their veils. They appear in general much pleased with any attention that is paid to them, and very well disposed to adopt European manners.

MODERN GREEKS. The quay of Marseilles is one of the most varied scenes to be met with in Europe. Vessels of all nations come trading to its port, and nearly every costume in the world may be seen in its busy crews. I was surprised at the number of Greeks.—Their picturesque dresses and dark fine faces meet you at every step, and it would be difficult, if it were not for the shrinking eye, to believe them capable of an ignoble thought. The mould of the race is one for heroes, but if all that is said of them is true, the blood has become impure. Of the two or three hundred I must have seen at Marseilles, I scarce remember one whose countenance would not have been thought remarkable.

N. P. Willis.

A man of genteel appearance, who styled himself Lieut. Carter, of the U. S. Navy, arrived here on the evening of the 9th instant in the North America—called at one of our public houses, and represented that his baggage had been put on board the wrong boat at New-York. After remaining here a short time, he obtained the loan of ten dollars—hired a horse and gig at a livery stable, and started for Schenectady, promising to return next morning; but the 'gallant soldier' has not yet returned. He has left the horse and gig in Schenectady, to be called for by the owner or some one else, while he has proceeded on his swindling expedition to the west.—ALBANY JOURNAL.

Sporting Stores.

TO SPORTSMEN.

THE SUBSCRIBER offers for sale a general assortment of Select Fishing Tackle.—Consisting of superior Trout, Fly, and River Bag-rods; do. Walking Cane Rods; best Multiplying Reels; Landing and Shrimp Nets; patent India-grass, Flax and Hair Lines of all lengths; Silk-worm, Gut, Stretchers, Swivel Sinkers; Improved Limerick and Kirby Hooks; Artificial Flies; do. Fishes, Floats, &c. &c. All the above articles are expressly adapted to the Sports of this Country. LEWIS,
No. 3 Wall-st., cor. New-st., opposite the Church

*** *Visiting and Address Cards engraved and printed.*

FISHING & FOWLING TACKLE

CHARLES R. TAYLOR, No. 1 1-2 Maiden Lane, near Broadway, New-York.—Gut, Grass, Hair, Silk, and Hemp Lines. Hickory, Ash, Hazel, and Bamboo Rods, either solid or in the Walking Stick, for Fly and other fishing. Single and Compound Reels of superior quality. Hoops and Netts—Fishing Baskets—Artificial Baits of all kinds—Fish-hooks of every description. Swivels, brass or steel—Swivel Leads—Bait Needles—Disgorgers—Bait Boxes—and Floats of all sizes.

Also—Single and Double Barrelled Guns and Pistols of various qualities. Shot Belts, single and double—Powder and Liquor Flasks—Game Netts—Cleaning Rods—Wad Cutters—Nipple wrenches and Turn screws—Dog whips and calls—Dog collars of all sizes—Drinking cups—and Pocket lights. Sportsmen's apparatus, consisting of Knife, Fork, Spoon, Cork-screw. Powder of the best quality, and all sizes of Shot.

Swords, Dirks, Epaulets, and Plumes; also a variety of articles in the Hardware and Cutlery line.

FISHING TACKLE STORE.

THE SUBSCRIBER respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has removed his store from No. 395 Pearl-street to No. 52 Fulton-street, where he offers for sale a general assortment of Fancy Articles in the Hardware line; also a complete assortment of Fishing Tackle, consisting of almost every article in the line, viz. fly and river rods, brass and wood reels, sinkers, floats, swivels, silkworm gut, Black, Bass, Weak, Perch, Trout, Pickerel, and a variety of other fish hooks too tedious to name. Hooks fastened on gut, gimp, grass, hair silk and flax lines, gut leaders, a variety of artificial baits, such as Shrimp, Minnow, &c. Trout, Herring and Salmon Flies. New-London and other lines of every description.

Also a general ssortment of Powder, Shot and Flints. Where also may be had a constant supply of Macdonald's Paste and Liquid Blacking, J. Durell's writing ink, both superior articles.

T. W. HORSFIELD,
No. 52 Fulton-street.

HINTON'S WAREHOUSE & MANUFACTORY,
194 BROADWAY, N. Y.

WHERE may be had in large or small quantities, on reasonable terms, the following articles: Military Caps of gold, gilt, silver-plated and other trimming. Plumes and pompoons of every color, size and description. Swords and belts suitably for cavalry, artillery, infantry or navy officers. Gold, silver, gilt and plated Epaulettes of all patterns; do. Wings, and worsted do—do. Tassels, do. of all sizes; do. Laces, different qualities. Muskets, cartridge boxes and belts, dirks, belt and pocket pistols, fencing foils, masks and boxing gloves. Pocket pistols, housings, holsters, bridles, and all the variety of military horse equipments.

FOWLING ARTICLES.

Double and single guns, Damascus, stub and twist, and plain barrels, (made by the most celebrated gun makers in London,) flint and percussion rifles; English and American gunpowder in canisters; percussion caps and fitters; shot and flints; powder and drinking flasks, and caps; bullet pouches, powder horns and bullets; shot and game bags; leather and mahogany gun cases; cleaning rods with all the necessary implements; dog chains, collars, and calls: percussion and flint locks, and general assortment of gun mountings.

FISHING TACKLE.

Trout and river rods of all descriptions, walking cane rods, India grass, hemp, silk and hair lines of all lengths. Single and multipiying reels, silkworm gut, swivels, sinkers, first quality of Limerick and Kirby hooks on hair and engine twisted hair, artificial flies, fishes, devels, frogs, mice, floats, hoop nets, &c. &c. composing a complete assortment of Fishing Tackle.

TO TRAVELLERS.

Manufactured and for sale as above, travelling trunks, valices and carpet bags of the best quality.

N. B. Flint locks percussioned and guns and pistols repaired in the neatest manner and at the shortest notice.

FISHING TACKLE STORE.

THE subscriber begs leave to return his grateful thanks to his patrons and friends for the encouragement he has thus far received in his endeavors to establish permanently a cheap Fishing Tackle store: and also hopes that they will still favour and sustain him with the same—he also begs leave to inform them that he has constantly on hand a very great quantity of Fishing Tackle, all of which is fitted up in the most elegant and superior style viz. A large assortment of Canton and Calcutta, Bamboo Fishing rods with or with out Joints, for Fly and other fishing. Grass, Gut silk, and Hair lines of English and American manufacture, swivel-sinkers, floats, artificial baits; such as for Trout, Salmon, Pike, and other fishing, too numerous to mention. Also—2 or 300,000 of Hemming's best steel Fish hooks and a large assortment of fine Limerick hooks, several thousand Savannah canes, for fishing and reed making, all of which may be had wholesale and retail.

P. S. It would be an advantage to those wishing to purchase to call and select such articles of Taskling as they would wish in his line, as they would get a bargain.

N. B. Just received—a large quantity of superior, fresh Silk-worm Guts, which he offers for sale on the most reasonable terms.

ABR'M BROWER,
230 Water street.

PERCUSSION CAPS.

TO SPORTSMEN.—The subscriber has just received and offers for sale *The Improved Percussion Cap*—the charges and construction of which is, on explosion, to prevent the caps from flying into fragments: thereby protecting the shooter from accident to the face, eyes, hands, &c.

ALSO, the Scientific Self-defender, (*suitable for the meridian of Washington.*)

LEWIS,
☞ Wall-street, No. 3, corner of New-st.
opposite the Wall-street church.

*** VISITING and ADDRESS CARDS of every description engraved and printed in a superior style at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms. June 26.

TO SPORTSMEN.

JUST Received—*Hawker on Shooting or Instructions to Young Sportsmen*—in all that relates to guns and shooting—difference between the Flint and Percussion System—Preservation of Game—Getting access to all kinds of Birds—Specific directions with new apparatus for Wild Fowl Shooting, both on the coast and in fresh water—new directions for Trout fishing, and advice to young Sportsmen on various other subjects, by Lieut. Col. Hawker, 6th edition in 8vo. enlarged and improved with 30 fine plates and wood cuts.

"Col. Hawker is one of the best shots in England, and his "Instructions to Sportsmen," the very best book we have on the subject."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

☞ A few copies of this valuable work imported and for sale by Peabody & Co. 219 Broadway 2 doors from St. Paul's Church.

R. N. WHITE,

POCKET Book and Morocco Fancy Article Manufacturer, corner of William and Liberty Streets, New-York.

Miscellaneous.

CASTLE GARDEN.

H. MARSH, Proprietor of this celebrated and well known Summer Retreat, has the pleasure of informing his patrons and the public that it is now open for the season.

Since the close of the Garden, extensive and important alterations and improvements have been made, and it is now fitted up in a style of splendor and magnificence exceeding by far any other establishment of the kind in the city—the whole having been designed and executed by Messrs. F. Grain and Assistants.

The well known and justly celebrated Military Band, under the direction of Mr. Thos. Dilks, as Leader, is re-engaged, and will perform the most approved Overtures, Marches, Airs, &c. every pleasant evening during the season.

Admittance 12 1-2 cents, for which refreshments will be furnished at the bar.

THATCHED COTTAGE GARDEN, JERSEY CITY.

SAMUEL S. LYNCH, late of Castle Garden, respectfully informs the citizens of New-York and vicinity, that he has taken the entire management of this unrivalled place of resort for rural pleasure and health, and that he is now ready to receive company, and affords every comfort and convenience that can be found in any similar establishment in the Union.

Two superior boats, and the requisite apparatus for the pleasant and agreeable sport of fishing, are at all times in readiness for the accommodation of friends and patrons. June—tf

LOST,

IN the afternoon of Friday the 13th inst. a RED MOROCCO WALLET, containing fifteen dollars, $10 on the United States Bank, and $5 on the Bank of New-York. The finder, by leaving it at this office, will be rewarded for his trouble.

July 14, 1832.

OCEAN HOUSE,

At Shrewsbury Inlet, near Long Branch.

CAPT. JAMES PENNOYER respectfully informs the Public that the above HOUSE, under the superintendence of MR. LAWRENCE STILLMAN, is now open for the Season.

This ESTABLISHMENT, being in the immediate vicinity of the OCEAN, offers rare inducements to persons desirous of enjoying the luxuries, during the Summer Months, of a *Sea Breeze*, and of *Sea* or *River Bathing*.

The new Steamboat DAVID BROWN leaves New-York from Fulton Market Wharf every day (except Thursday) for the above place, and lands passengers within Fifty Yards of the House. Persons leaving the city in the morning, can remain nearly six hours, and return by 6 o'clock, P. M.

BOATS, Fishing Tackle, Bait, &c. can be obtained at any time.

THE SERAPHINE,

A NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT, INVENTED BY C. G. CHRISTMAN, 398 PEARL-ST.

AFTER a long time of uninterrupted perseverance, this extraordinary instrument is introduced to the public in its present very gratifying perfection. The Serephine will be understood to be a keyed instrument, or an Organ in miniature, peculiarly adapted for domestic use; but it is not necessarily confined to domestic purposes; it is sufficiently powerful for small churches. It is impossible to conceive so small an instrument capable of producing such an immense volume of harmony; at the same time it is capable of the utmost possible delicacy of diminuendo and cresendo, from the soft sighing of the Æolian harp to the grandeur and majesty of the full choir, in a degree of excellence never yet claimed by any other instrument. Such an instrument, independently of its novelty, cannot fail to be valuable to any performer on the pianoforte or organ.

N. B. At Mr. Christman's Music store may be procured, eight key'd Flutes, Accordians, Pocket and Kent bugles, for which he has been honored with the first premium of the American Institute, also Guitars, Violins, Military and other Instruments; Music, which he has just published for the Guitar; the beautifull song Green Hills of Tyral, as sung by Mrs. Austin in the Opera of Cinderella, with three new Waltzes composed by O. Torpe, and to be continued in numbers.

WATERING PLACE.

No. 44 Bowery, 1st door south of the Theatre.

J. CAIN & CO. Proprietors of this establishment, respectfully inform their friends and the public, that they have fitted up the various apartments of their Hotel in a style of comfort and accommodation unsurpassed by any other similar establishment in the city, and that, in addition to the well known genuineness of their entertainments, both for strangers and residents, they have finished their Ten-pin Alley on a plan of superior commodiousness and beauty, where gentlemen of the most scrupulous morality may freely enjoy the healthiest and most invigorating exercise, apart from certain pernicious practices which are too common in houses of public entertainment.

The subscribers having established the rules of their Hotel on a footing of unexceptionable propriety and order, respectfully invite that liberal patronage which they will make it their constant endeavor to merit. J. CAIN & CO.

R. N. WHITE,
ENGRAVER ON WOOD
No. 7 THEATRE ALLEY,
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BY Mrs. Williams, 42 1-2 Bowery, New York. Harmonic Meetings, Tuesday an Saturday evenings.

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DR. I. FRANCIS,

SURGEON DENTIST, 93 Chatham street, between Duane and Pearl streets, New-York

REMOVAL.

JOHN BURDELL, DENTIST, has removed his office from 299 1-2 Broadway, to 303 corner of Duane and Broadway. ☞ Entrance in Duane street.

REMOVAL.

DR. S. BAKER & SON Dentists, have removed to 61 Bowery corner of Walker street, entrance in Walker St.

A CARD.

REAL Estate and City Registering office No 497 Pearl street. Office for supplying young and middle-aged men with situations, also for giving and receiving advice on any subject. Also for procuring partners, agents, clerks, or in fact any kind of help.

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A LARGE assortment of one, three, and six cent colored Toy Pictures, wholesale and retail. Fancy Prints, Stationary, Songs, &c.—A liberal discount made to venders. dec 10tf

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☞ All Foreign or New-York prizes cashed at BIGNALL'S Prize Office, 144 Broadway; where tickets in all licensed Lotteries are for sale, on the most accommodating terms.

Orders from the country or elsewhere, enclosing the cash or prize tickets, will always meet with prompt attention, if addressed to D. BIGNALL

Cholera Medicines

AS prescribed according to the report of the Edinburgh Medical Board of Health, on the mode of preventing and treating the Cholera—warranted Genuine to be had at 495 Pearl street where may be had any kind of Cholera medicines, warranted of the best quality.

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THE FIRST NUMBER of a *New Year* (Vol. 10.) will be issued on the *seventh day of July next.*

From the commencement of this paper, our humble endeavors have been unceasingly exerted to elevate the character of American Periodical Literature, and we trust we have not been altogether unsuccessful.

Our columns have been, and will continue to be, principally filled with *original* matter.

Besides the writings of the Editors, we are honored with occasional contributions from a list of *nearly two hundred native Authors*, which embraces many of the most distinguished and highly gifted literary men of the land.

In addition to our *Foreign Correspondence*, important sources are open to us for selections.

LITERARY CONTENTS.—Among a variety of other subjects, the work is devoted to Critical Notices of new publications, the Arts and Sciences, Scientific Intelligence, The Fine Arts—Music, Poetry, and Painting, Original Tales and Essays, Foreign Correspondence—First Impressions of Europe, &c. Legends and Reminiscences of old times in New-York, The Little Genius—satirical, humorous, and pathetic. American Scenery, Biography, Education, Character-Strictures on the Drama and other Amusements, Translations from the German, French, and Spanish, occasional selections from late publications, Record of passing events, Original Miscellany, Anecdotes—historical, literary, humorous, &c. Varieties—etc. etc. etc. In short, every thing which can enhance the value of the paper, and render it agreeable, instructive, and interesting.

CONDITIONS.—The Mirror is published every Saturday, at the corner of Nassau and Ann streets. It is elegantly printed in the super-royal quarto form, on fine paper, with brevier and nonpareil type. It is embellished, once every three months, with a *splendid super-royal Engraving*, and every week with a popular piece of music, arranged for the Pianoforte, Harp, Guitar, &c. Fifty-two numbers complete a volume of four hundred and sixteen large pages, for which a beautifully *engraved vignette title-page*, (painted by WEIR and engraved by DURAND,) and a copious *index* are furnished. The terms are *four dollars* per annum, payable, in all cases *in advance*. It is forwarded by the earliest mails to subscribers residing out of the city o N. York. Communications, *post paid*, must be addressed to the Editors. No subscriptions received for a less period than one year.

Subscriptions received by PEABODY & CO. 219 Broadway.

POEM ON INTEMPERANCE.

MR. THOMAS'S Poem on Intemperance, in five cantos, is for sale at the bookstores of H. C. Sleight, Burnett & Smith, D. Appleton, and J. Seymour, New-York; and Bigelow & Worthington, Brooklyn.

FOR LONG BRANCH,

EATONTOWN, RED BANK, AND THE OCEAN HOUSE, AT SHREWSBURY INLET.

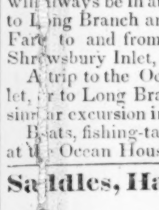
The new and elegant steamboat DAVID BROWN, Capt. James Pennoyer, will commence her regular trips for the above places on Sunday morning next, August 5th, running alternately to Eatontown and Red Bank in the following order, viz:—

Will leave Fulton Market wharf for Eatontown every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday: For Red Bank every Tuesday, Friday and Saturday morning, at 8 o'clock Returning, she will leave from each place at 12 o'clock noon, stopping at the Ocean House Dock, at Shrewsbury Inlet, until 1-2 past 3 o'clock P. M. each day. By the above arrangement passengers will have an opportunity to remain at Long Branch several hours—sufficient time to bathe, dine, &c. and return to the city at an early hour in the afternoon. Stages will always be in attendance to convey passengers to Long Branch and other parts of the country.—Fare to and from Eatontown, Red Bank, and Shrewsbury Inlet, 50 cents each way.

A trip to the Ocean House at Shrewsbury Inlet, or to Long Branch, is not surpassed by any similar excursion in the vicinity of New-York.

Boats, fishing-tackle and bait always to be had at the Ocean House of L. Stillman.

Saddles, Harness, Trunks, &c.



J. B. CARTER 143 Bowery returns sincere thanks to a generous public and in particular to gentleman of the Turf, both in this and neighboring cities, for their liberal and increasing patronage. He has on hand and is constantly manufacturing, light pleasure harness of every description, Racing and Trotting Saddles, Bridles, Whips, Spurs &c. together with almost every article in his line of business, all of which will be sold at his usual low prices. June 23, 1832.

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STATIONARY, &c.

WILLIAM C. TAYLOR, Jr. No. 55 WALL-STREET, a few doors south of the Merchant's Exchange, has constantly on hand, at the most liberal prices, ACCOUNT BOOKS of every description and of superior quality.

Likewise a select and general assortment of Stationary, at the Lowest market prices.

Blank Books ruled to any pattern, and bound in the best style, by long experienced and first-rate workmen.

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☞ Bills of Lading, Notes of Hand, Checks, and all other blank printing executed with neatness, accuracy and despatch.

☞ A few copies of the Life of Stephen Girard remaining on hand. Aug. 1832.

PARTHENON

Reading Room and Circulating Library.

THE subscriber begs leave to call the attention of every class of readers to his Library. It being very extensive, and amply supplied with works in every department of Literature, it will be found to afford a cheap and easy method of access to all the most valuable books in the English language. The collection of Periodical publications is unequalled. A primary object, also, of the proprietor, will be to furnish the subscribers with a more immediate and regular supply of New Publications, than has hitherto been attainable, and for this purpose a large number of each will be secured, as they issue from the press.

The connexion with the Library of an amply provided Literary Reading Room, offers great advantages; as for much less than the cost of one single London Journal or Review, nearly thirty British and ten to fifteen American periodicals besides Newspapers may be read. Both Library and Reading Room are kept open from an early hour in the Morning till ten at night. The room is furnished with the Morning and Evening papers of the city—papers from the principal cities and towns of the United States and Canada, and with a large collection of Foreign and American Periodicals. Duplicates of most of these are also taken, as soon as they are published, for the use of the Library.

CHARLES S. FRANCIS, Book-seller and Stationer, No. 252 Broadway.

Miscellaneous.

CAUTION.

L. MORANGE & DAVIS having been appointed agents by the proprietor for the sale of the *Medicated oil Silk* for the cure of gout, and Rheumatism, beg leave to acquaint their friends and the public in general, that a spurious article has been forced into the market, thereby imposing on the credulous and defrauding the proprietor of that compensation, to which 18 years labor for the public good so justly entitles him. They therefore give notice that each piece, or whatsoever smaller quantity, will be accompanied with a copy of the original certificate signed by the most emminent gentlemen of the faculty in this city, and bear the signature of the Subcribers—without which none is genuine. For sale wholesale and retail by L. MORANGE & DAVIS,

June 12, 1832. 105 William-street.

TO BOOKSELLERS, JEWELLERS,
AND DEALERS IN
FINE FANCY GOODS,

WHO desire a neat and good article in this line (which is always the cheapest,) for retailng, are informed that they can always procure at the old stand a choice supply of

FINE POCKET-BOOKS, CARD-CASES, &c.

from the subscriber's great assortment of

170 KINDS,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

At the lowest possible market price—varying according to quality, from 50 cents to $40 pr doz.

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SEVERAL Women and Girls of different employments, they must produce the best recommendations. Inquire at 497 Pearl st.

SEVERAL young men for different employments, one to tend bar, one to tend a liquor store, and 3 or 4 to work in a refectory, they must all understand their business, and produce the best recommendations, none others need apply.—Inquire at 497 Pearl st.

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WM. MATTHEWS, manufacturer of WALKING CANES, in all its branches, at No. 2 Liberty-street.

N. B. Canes mounted on the most reasonable terms, and at the shortest notice. 23tf

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HAIR CUTTER AND DRESSER,
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A. COX, JR.
STEAM SCOURER, 80 CEDAR STREET,
ONE DOOR FROM BROADWAY,

WHERE, he respectfully informs his friends and the public, he continues to *Dye, scour and repair Clothes* at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms. New collars, cuffs and buttons, neatly put on coats.

Orders punctually attended to in any part of the city. Cash given for cast-off clothes. j11

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A WEEKLY
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Bell's Life in London,
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Devoted to The TURF, The CHASE, The ANGLER, The HUNTER;—Foreign and Domestic News, Literature, Fashion, Taste, The Drama, Police Reports and Scenes of Real Life.

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No Subscriptions received for less than six months. All Orders and Advertisements for this paper, must be accompanied with Cash or a city Reference—postage paid. Gentlemen procuring five subscribers, will be furnished with the paper gratis, or retain a commission of 15 per cent.

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